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CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD;

A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

CONFESSION.

It was a hot, gasping, choking day on which the doctor's sister was carried out to the grave. The man who sat on the hearse, and who helped bear the body out, was a heavy-built, Germanish looking fellow, with sandy complexion and red hair. It was Jake, the whilom teamster, now Masty's husband, and making a fortune at his new, but revolting business. The doctor had mustered a few persons together that he might have at least the semblance of a funeral; Van Alstyne was present, two of the doctor's students, the Quaker's forewoman, who stood modestly back with her veil covering her face, and who seemed unwontedly agitated, and Le Vaugn. As the cortege passed through the silent streets, a tall figure dressed in deep black might have been seen moving slowly along, entering some deserted house, but quickly appearing only to disappear in another. Thus she had continued until she came to the last in the street, a magnificent residence bearing the marks of wealth and splendor. Here she found the door closed against her, but knocking heavily, a terrified servant answered the summons.

"Is anybody sick in this house?" asked the Indian woman.

"Sick! I guess you'd think so; there's the missis raving in the back chamber, and the master in the front. George says he's dying, and Emma's got the devil in her, I should think, for she's dressing for a ball, when mercy knows there ain't no ball. I can't do nothing with any of 'em, and I daren't go for a doctor. I told 'em it was daring the Lord to stay, but I've lived with 'em these twenty-nine year, and I'll stand by 'em till I die."

By this time the old woman had passed on and gone up the stairs. The hall commanded a view of three rooms; in one lay a woman, in the other a man, and in the large chamber facing the street, a beautiful girl stood before a mirror, arrayed in resplendent robes, with jewels on her head, neck and arms. She turned, and not seeing the Indian, cried, addressing an imaginary person—

"Now, Milly, I'm all ready, don't my dress fit beautifully? Has the major come? The carriage is at the door—oh! won't I shine tonight?" Standing there with blazing cheeks and eyes, her white arms, neck and bosom literally loaded with jewels, laughing, coquetting, dancing—it was a fearful sight. She had been smitten with the fever; it came in the form of wild delirium.

"Look here! give me all your jewels, you'll be a corpse before night," cried the Indian, bursting upon her.

"*I* a corpse before night! why, you foolish old thing, I'm going to Major Horney's grand ball; two thousand invitations—only think of it! and I shall dance, and dance, and dance—ha!" and with one long, heart-piercing shriek, she fell helpless and death-stricken on the floor and lay writhing in her ornaments.

"Beer, beer," muttered the old woman, "it's the only thing that'll cure you," she continued; "have you got any beer in the house?" she asked, turning to the trembling girl who stood quaking with fear above her mistress.

"No," replied the other; "oh! save her—she's surely dying."

"Impossible," replied the Indian, coolly, then stamping her foot suddenly, she exclaimed "better die that way than live to disgrace her poor old mother."

"Oh! dear—she was just going to be married—and so well off, too. Old woman, stay with me—I'm awfully fearful here. The mistress and the master can't live, so the doctor says, and that's what set *her* agoing," pointing to the corpse. "I'm sure I daren't go out, and I daren't stay in; besides, if I should have the fever—oh! good Lord have mercy! I had a pain then. Tell me what to take, good woman; I don't want to die, I'm such a sinner; stay by me, and you may take all the gold and silver in the house; they won't want them any more."

"Neither do I want gold and silver," said the Indian, in tones of contempt; "why, woman, I've seen fortunes lying within my grasp in house after house, and I scorned to touch them, though there was not a living soul near, and nobody would have missed them. No, no; honest I'll go before my God; but I tell you, nearly the whole of a French regiment was saved from death by drinking spruce beer. If you can get beer for love or money, get it, for your eyes are red; if you can't get beer, take some brewer's yeast, and if you are not too far gone, I'll warrant a cure."

"Oh! Lord!" cried the girl, "it's the first time I've felt frightened—I'll leave this house now; I'll fly to the country—come, let's you and I go together; I dont want to die—for God's sake come."

"Not I," replied Mother Kurstegan, calmly, "I am only waiting for one thing, and then fever may take *me* for all I care; I want to hear that *he* is sick or dead," she muttered, her face growing evil till the girl shrank from her, white with terror.

"Who do you mean—the master? Oh! misery! I shall be all alone in this great house—how does the fever come?" she asked, her eyes glittering.

"Why, to such cowards as you, it comes all of a sudden; does your head ache—your back? are your hands cold—but here! what am I doing; don't hold me, I tell you," and pushing the girl from her, she passed down the stairs and into the street, leaving another victim to die of the dreadful plague. She was little prepared to find Le Vaugn waiting for her.

STRICKEN WITH THE PLAGUE.

Van Alstyne had recognized the Indian's form and given him the alarm as they returned from the funeral. Le Vaugn held her now, with a grasp like iron, and with a bearing, almost as frenzied as her own, demanded savagely what had become of his child.

"Dead! dead!" she replied, with the utmost gravity and a feigned sigh; "dead and buried long ago; why, didn't you know she took the fever, and went off like a gun-shot? Oh! you needn't look that way, she had the best of nursing, and she never once asked after her father—ha, ha! Do you want to know where she's buried? They took her off in the dead cart, and left me all alone—took her off as they'll take you soon.

"Snaap gone a hunting,
Pappoose dead,
Poor old squaw all alone,
No pappy."

"Oh! you hag!" groaned Le Vaugn, his arm falling nerveless at his side; "come, Van Alstyne, it's all over," he heaved a great sigh. "I shall never walk these streets again. I *feel the fever leaping in my veins, even now*—go home with me—you promised, you know; I have something to tell you," and leaning upon the arm of his sympathising friend, he dragged himself heavily to his home. Van Alstyne, who saw the unmistakable and deadly marks of disease in his countenance and manner, said, as he laid the exhausted form of his friend along the lounge, "let me go immediately for Doctor Angell."

"No, not yet, if you did, you could not find him," said Le Vaugn, detaining him, "besides—" he turned his heavy eyes to the clock, "he is here always at six, it wants but a half hour," and he sank down asking feebly for water. Van Alstyne brought him some, and as he took the silver cup from Le Vaugn's lips, he felt a momentary giddiness seize him—one sharp spasm of pain that flashed from nerve to nerve with the electric touch of fever. It was but momentary, however.

"Van Alstyne!"

The professor started at the sound of that voice, grown so hollow, and gave his whole attention to his dying friend.

"I am not the man to do a deadly wrong, and plaster over my crime with mock penitence," continued Le Vaugn—"I did a deed once that was unworthy of a devil in hell, and from that hour I have been a doomed man. I look for no mercy hereafter—I don't expect it; I don't want it."

"Hush! hush—this is dreadful language," exclaimed Van Alstyne.

"I tell you if any one wronged my child as I wronged the child of that woman, I would burn him in everlasting fire!"

Van Alstyne was silent, while Le Vaugn's features worked in uncontrolled and uncontrollable anguish. He looked constantly at the clock, and then at the door; for he deemed this language but the ravings of disease.

"I am talking now about this Indian whom we met to-day. Perhaps you know that she is the mother of Leoline Kurstegan? perhaps you don't know that I deceived this same Leoline with a false marriage when she was a girl only fourteen years of age—maddened her mother's brain, wrested her child from her, and basely deserted her."

"Oh, God! oh, God," shouted Van Alstyne, as a flash of agony rent his brain.

A mist danced tremulously before his eyes, his thoughts grew confused, while Le Vaugn shouted and gesticulated with a madman's fury. He strove in vain to utter some Christian promise of mercy and pardon; a thousand images each chasing the other rushed through the chambers of his mind—a thousand distorted fancies took possession of his brain; and when a few moments afterward, Doctor Angell called on his hourly round, he found Le Vaugn laughing and cursing alternately, and poor Van Alstyne in a state of unconsciousness lying his length upon the floor at his side.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

RECONCILIATION.

"Where shall I go to-day, doctor?" asked the Quaker's forewoman of Doctor Angell, as she met him at the door of his office.

"Congratulate me," he said softly, folding a letter as he stood on the threshold, and his smile wore no longer its haggard look, though he was reduced to a mere shadow—"congratulate me, my wife has borne me a son—thank God! I am again a father," and he drew his handkerchief once across his eyes, then recollecting that she had spoken—"go?" he asked absently, looking up and down the hot, dusty, grass-grown street—"why! poor Le Vaugn is down, with nobody to take care of him but my servant John. He, poor fellow, is hardly able to be out, yet, and I expect he'll be down again. Ah! 'tis a fearful sight, this fever-haunted city; hardly enough living to bury the dead."

"Is there no other place?" asked Leoline, shrinking and trembling—"no sick women or children?"

"Yes, plenty, but they all of them have some little help, whereas poor Le Vaugn, and Van Alstyne—"

"*Van Alstyne!*" exclaimed the Quaker's forewoman, a look of consternation spreading over her face—her cheek crimsoning, her hands pressed hard against her heart to still its rapid pulse—"did you say Mr. Van Alstyne had the fever?" she asked in a low, choking voice.

"Yes," replied Doctor Angell, too much engrossed with his own thoughts to heed her agitation—"we will walk along," he added, "or I shall be besieged with misery—yes, Le Vaugn and Van Alstyne are both sick in the same house. Van Alstyne's landlady died last week, since which time the professor has made his home at Le Vaugn's. If either of them die it will be a great loss to the community, and I have little hope," he sighed as he spoke, looking thoughtfully, longingly towards the sky, which was bright, brilliant, beautiful, as if no mortal thing suffered and died—as if plant and flower, and hillside verdure were fresh and glowing, not crisp and withered and dead. The leaves were shrivelled upon the twigs, and fell as the doctor and his friend walked underneath the rows of mournful trees, and their feet ground them to powder; there seemed no shadow over anything—houses, streets—sky, all glaring—bright with a fierce metallic brightness. They moved hurriedly along, past block after block, deserted, ghostly in their isolation from life; past street after street, mighty mausoleums of silence with the mould of the plague gathered upon them. The dead cart rattled by; the sound of its wheels smote upon the heart—so rapid, so business like it was—jolt, jolt, rumble, rumble, now a laugh from the hardened official who held the reins—now a startling silence, broken by that shout that has fallen upon but few living ears, "bring out your dead."

Leoline held her emotion in subservience to her powerful will as much as her strength would permit—and yet, oh! what a deadly faintness crept over her very soul as she thought of Van Alstyne, sick, suffering—perhaps dying. Even Le Vaugn's illness struck the chords of her sympathy, and wakened a thrill of pity. She knew of Nick's safety—she thought of him with all the love a mother can feel who has never known what it was to press a babe to her bosom, and she *had* known—aye! drank to the dregs the cup of desertion and deception—whose mingled bitterness had nearly changed her nature, and destroyed her reason.

"At this house, a woman and three children are ill," said the doctor, pausing before a small frame tenement—"what! you will go on—I am glad of it; for there is a good old black woman here—but the others are destitute." Nothing more was spoken till they reached Le Vaugn's house. The front door stood open—there were marks of disorder in the hall—a noise as of some one wrestling in the parlor—and there indeed was Le Vaugn with his wife's portrait in one hand, battling with the black man and threatening to kill him if he did not leave the house.

At sight of Leoline, though he did not know her, his frenzy was calmed, and he submitted, reeling and staggering like a drunken man, to be carried up stairs, where he sat on the side of his bed, but could not be compelled to lie down. What a sight here met the gaze! The splendid mirrors were dashed to atoms, the furniture, broken and defaced in every conceivable manner—the windows held but the sharp and jagged fragments of glass, and the most dire confusion prevailed.

"It is not often that the fever takes this turn," whispered Doctor Angell to Leoline, who stood aghast in the midst of the destruction, "it would not be safe to leave you here."

"Van Alstyne," murmured Leoline—and this time the passion that ran through her voice and trembled in the clasp of her hand did not escape the doctor. He dared not move from Le Vaugn, so he beckoned his servant, who stood out of the sick man's sight, to show her the way, while he prepared an anodyne for his patient. He led her to the next chamber, having locked the door between the two rooms, for the greater safety of Van Alstyne, and she stood beside the heavily curtained bed.

"*He's* jest the oder way," whispered the black, who yet panted from the effect of Le Vaugn's crazy violence; "but I tinks much *more worse*;" and he pushed aside the curtain.

"Oh, how white! how deathly pale!" murmured Leoline, gazing with an anguished look, "are you sure he lives?"

The black touched the pale hand lying apparently lifeless on the snowy bed-spread; a slight movement showed that there was yet life. Leoline knelt and touched the still hand with her lips, murmuring, as the hot tears filled her eyes:

"I may love you surely, now—and you so near God."

"Is there any hope? oh, Doctor Angell!—this—these scenes—they—are too frightful!" and her woman's heart gave way—she sank back with a heavy sob, and the tears fell like rain over her face.

"I told you they would be too much for you, my dear friend," said the doctor, gently, "you had better not stay; both of these cases are hopeless—this one especially so. Poor Van Alstyne! he is in the stupor that precedes death—he must die!"

With one wild shriek Leoline fell on her knees at the doctor's feet.

"Save him! save him!" she cried, with wild emphasis; "look at me!" She tore off the cap and the band of gray hair, her own locks falling about her shoulders; "I am not old—you see me as I am in my woman's love and weakness; we love each other—I *cannot* give him up! doctor, *will* you save him?"

The doctor stood for a moment stupidly gazing down at the suppliant at his feet, so anguished, so beautiful! The transformation was startling and complete; then he looked towards the sick bed, saying, as he pointed:

"*You* have saved him—see!"

The beaded sweat was standing in great drops on the forehead of the sick man—her voice had roused him even from that ominous stupor, and brought him to the threshold of consciousness once more.

"Disguise yourself quickly," said the doctor, bending instantly above Van Alstyne.—"You are better, my friend," he whispered, low and softly; "take courage—you may soon be well again."

"Where is she?" feebly murmured Van Alstyne, and a faint smile hovered around his lips.

"Near you—watching you; be hopeful, the worst is over."

"Leoline," murmured the pale lips, fondly; "Leoline!"

"Give him these medicines," said Doctor Angell; "keep him quiet. I hope we may save him; one of these days we shall know whether we are ourselves or somebody else, shan't we?" he added, making a faint attempt at jocularity; but seeing the tears and the pallor of Leoline, he desisted, only adding: "You had better resume your Quaker garb—"

"Somebody down stairs wants to see you, doctor," said the black man, who had left the room at a loud summons below.

The doctor hurried down—Jake, the new undertaker, stood just inside the hall, holding a thin, wan, ghastly, yet beautiful little girl by the hand, and making a dozen awkward obeisances. Catching the child in his arms, the doctor held her to his heart, exclaiming:

"Little Lena! why, my lost lamb, where have you been?"

The child lay sobbing on his shoulder; he turned an inquiring glance towards Jake.

"Why, it was one of the walking cases, you know—though it struck me all in a heap, and she dressed so respectable; I ain't seen Mother Kurstegan these two year—might be more—but thinks I, as I see a well-dressed, genteel-looking woman staggering along, that's a walking case; and sure enough, when I come to look in her face, it was her, Mother Kurstegan, the old Indian critter, and no mistake! Says I, 'You sick or bin drinkin'? Says she, 'Oh, God, be merciful!' kind a' religious like, thinkin' of her latter end, maybe. Says I, 'Old mother, you're taken with the fever;' says she, 'Though your sins be scarlet-like, they shall be washed white as wool; oh, God, be merciful!' and then she dropt. I kinder raised her, and she told me where she lived—so I hailed one of the carts, you know, as it happened to be almost empty, and had her carried home. Well, there I found this child."

"Is the old woman dead?"

"Yes, and buried by this time," replied the teamster, with a stolid indifference.

"Poor Leoline!" murmured the doctor.—"How came you to know where to bring my sweet lamb?"

"Why, bless you, don't everybody know about the stole child, and whose it was?" responded Jake, thrusting his fingers through his red hair; "it's the very cave child that she kept up in them hills in the country, I expect, poor critter! I took her home to Masty, that's my wife, sir, and gave her a reg'lar good breakfast."

"Thank you—thank you!" replied the doctor, offering him a gold-piece, for he evidently expected to be paid; and pressing the pale child to his bosom, he summoned Leoline.

"Found!" she cried; then clasping her hands, her cheeks ashy pale, she murmured faintly, "my mother!"

Doctor Angell was silent—Leoline sank upon the staircase, crying, with a wailing voice, "dead—and I am not forgiven!"

"She called you," said Chip, in a low tone.

"And did she—say—did she curse me?" gasped Leoline, with a shudder, "did she speak of Leoline?"

"If you are Leoline, she said she loved you," replied the child, in the same plaintive voice, "and wanted you to forgive her."

"Angel!" cried Leoline, catching the child's hands in her own, "God only knows how you have lightened *my* heart; oh, let my mother have a Christian burial," she cried, turning, in an agony of tears, to the doctor; "she was honored before this great misfortune—let her have Christian burial!" she supplicated.

"I would if it were in my power," replied the physician, sadly; "but in such a time as this, unless with my own patients, and only seldom then, I cannot control the disposition of their bodies: your mother is at rest," he added, pained by Leoline's anguish; "it is past my allotted time for medical visits, much past; I would I could stop to comfort you; bear up, my friend—do not give me another fever patient. I must send this child out of the city—out of the reach of infection."

All this he said rapidly.

"No, no! let me stay—let me go with you," cried the little girl, grasping his hand, "I've had the fever; I was very sick—I almost died—let me stay—with *her*!" and she crept closer to Leoline.

"Very well," the doctor replied; "my man will remain till noon," he continued, to Leoline; and then turning quickly away, for her sorrowful face unmanned him; "I will be round by ten, certainly. I don't think Le Vaugn will live the day out; if he is calm after the powerful opiate I gave him has done its work, and alludes to his child, or if you think before I come back that it will be safe to inform him of her return, why, I leave it to your judgment. I must hasten; my horse is at the door;" and springing over the stairs, he hurried from the house.

At ten o'clock he returned again; Van Alstyne slept, but the pallor of death no longer overspread his face, though it was very white.

"Out of danger," he whispered, to Leoline, who stood near, holding Chip by the hand.

Thus all the morning the poor child had clung to Leoline, and would not let her go; she seemed continually in a nervous dread, and was silent and desponding, save when Leoline's earnest voice fell upon her ear. She trembled if a door opened or shut, and clung closer whenever she neared a door, as if she feared some mysterious seizure. At intervals Leoline had talked with her about her poor mother; and the child's replies took much of the weight caused by the Indian's neglect of and antipathy towards her, from her spirit.—And Leoline had told Chip that she was now in her own father's home; had taken her below and shown her the portrait of her own mother, who had died longing to clasp her lost and only child to her cold bosom. There Chip had knelt and gazed solemnly, and with lips quivering and tears starting, had kissed the silent canvas, and moved from thence, and wherever she went, as one in a strange dream, awe-struck, fearful—drawing long sighs, pressing closely against Leoline.

The doctor passed into Le Vaugn's room; the latter lay with open eyes—he had just recovered from a fearful spasm; the most horrible and revolting features of the fever had marked his case—too horrible to be recorded, and he lay now, weak, helpless, his eyes almost starting from their sockets, and swimming in blood. He felt the pressure of the doctor's hand.

"Am I going?" he asked, feebly.

"You must die, Le Vaugn," said the doctor, solemnly. "Have you any directions to give? Shall I send for a minister—or shall I pray for you?"

The dying man was silent—a little tremor of the under lip, the yellow teeth closing over it, and leaving their imprint in blood—a groan—and he said,

"I would commend my poor child to you, doctor, but she is dead—carried away in that frightful peat-cart."

His voice failed him, and great drops rolled down his sunken cheeks. The doctor, accustomed as he was to sights of misery, wept like a child, and then, in a broken voice, he said,

"Le Vaugn, my dear friend, you are dying, and what I have to say, may hasten your death; but if I can give you one momentary joy before you enter the eternal world—let—me say your daughter is living, is found—is here—" he caught the dying man who, in delirious joy, half sprang from his bed, and trembling in every limb, his features working spasmodically, could hardly articulate—"quick—quick!"

"But lie quietly, or she must not see you—you shall speak to her, bless her—but do not frighten the child. Come here, darling," and taking the pale, shrinking creature within the curtain, he whispered, "smile, love—put your hand in his hand—say father." The child did all that was required with a wonderful composure. Le Vaugn began moaning like a little infant, and grieving and sobbing, though his exhausted frame would hardly bear the motion of his anguish.

"Shall I pray for you, Le Vaugn?" asked the doctor.

"Let me die, let me die," was his only response.

"Do you feel prepared to enter the presence of your Maker?" continued the doctor.

"Let me die—let me die," he repeated, still moaning and sobbing and grieving. Notwithstanding, the doctor knelt down and offered a prayer, beseeching the Eternal to forgive the dying man for His Son's sake. When he arose all was still, and poor little Chip's hand lay within that of a corpse.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A LETTER FROM PARK DINSMORE.

It was near the dawn of another sultry day. Leoline, fatigued with watching, sat near a little table on which flickered a taper, almost burnt out. With one hand she shaded her weary eyes, and with the other grasped a book that had been her solace through the sad hours of the desolate night—the Bible. Chip lay near the door, on a little bed made up on the floor, sleeping soundly. A voice roused Leoline, who still retained her Quaker dress; it said—"It is time; I must rise." She sprang to the bed, and whispered—"not yet—not yet."

"I've slept beyond my usual hour," replied Van Alstyne. "Why!" he exclaimed, in a tone of the deepest consternation, "how is this? I cannot move—I am chained; am I sleeping still?"

"You have been very sick, and it is weakness," murmured Leoline, softly.

"Who are you?"

"I am Quaker John's forewoman," replied the soft voice, after a pause.

"Where am *I*?" he interrogated.

"In the house of Mr. Le Vaugn."

"Oh! I remember; Le Vaugn was sick? wasn't he? Has he got about yet?"

"He—has—gone—out," replied Leoline, with feigned composure.

"I am glad; they need him very much at the office. Is the fever raging still in the city?—over in Philadelphia, you know, I mean—" he added, as if laboring under some confusion of intellect—"over in the city, in Philadelphia, I mean."

"It is not yet quite subsided," she answered, hearing, as she spoke, the dull rumble of the dead-carts that traversed the streets almost constantly.

"Has any body been here to inquire after me?" he asked, a moment after. "Have any letters come? I ought not to be lying here; and yet, only think how weak I am!"

"Dr. Angell has been here frequently," replied his watcher, falteringly; "and—and a lady whom you know—Miss Leoline—"

"Oh! has she! *has* she?" exclaimed Van Alstyne, breaking in upon her—a light shining from his pallid face, "then *she* has not had the fever!"

"No; and she is very anxious for your recovery," added Leoline, in a trembling whisper.

"Is she? Well, that is so kind! so sweet in her. I thought she had forgotten me; I am glad I have been sick. God bless her," he repeated, fervently, more than once. Leoline turned away, affected inexpressibly.

"Did you say there were letters?" he asked, after a long pause.

"Yes; the doctor brought one from Germantown," replied Leoline.

"Oh! that is from Park—my dear friend." After a little silence, he murmured, "I wish I could hear it."

"Shall I read it to you?" asked Leoline.

"Oh! if you please," he said, smiling faintly; "but stop; it is not sealed with black?"

"No; the seal is a beautiful crimson," said Leoline, breaking it, her heart swelling with love and joy.

"How much your voice reminds me—" murmured Van Alstyne, his words sank into a whisper.

The gray shadows were melting into a soft, yet uncertain light, as Leoline prepared to read. She trimmed another lamp, and changing her voice slightly, she commenced as follows:

MY DEAR VAN ALSTYNE:—No letter from you this week, and I am almost ill with apprehension. I have done everything to divert my mind from the fears attendant upon your silence. Your letters are laid—or, in fact, any letters addressed to us, (and melancholy few and drearily far between they come,) under a large flat stone, which I call friendship's altar, about half a mile from here. There we keep a furnace of charcoal, a pot of vinegar, a tin full of tar, and the dickens knows what else; and our fumigating scenes are inexpressibly funny, for there never was such a scared old fellow as our butler. He takes a pair of the longest and oldest fashioned tongs to be had in town (they belong to old Squire Hutchins,) and he picks the letters up one by one, and holds them over the tar and over charcoal, *till I get so impatient*, I should like to hold him over them by the same means, and then dips the letters in the vinegar, which come up all dripping, and in a very questionable state of decipheration. I have not accompanied him this morning, on purpose to write to you; six times I have ran to the window, even while writing these few lines, and yonder comes our old man, and—no letter from *you*. Alas, alas! what can the matter be? but I *will* not think you are sick—oh, Van Alstyne, why did you not come out here with us? Come now; fly to this sweet retreat. The autumn woods are beautiful, ripe peaches hang on our trees, and blushing apples; the beech-oaks and the walnuts stand in solid pyramid from the base to the point of our splendid hill, just opposite the house; the magnolias still blossom, their snow-like goblets brimming with beauty; oh, Van Alstyne, why are you not here? I could not sleep last night for thinking of you.

I have a strange story to tell. One night last week—I think it was Monday—I was called out from the sitting-room. A woman in black met me in the garden. I was fearful of infection, but when she lifted her veil, displaying the features of Mother Kurstegan, I forgot all peril. Of course, my first question was of Lena.

[The voice of the reader failed—but with a strong effort she conquered her emotion, and continued:]

"I have brought her here, and you shall see her on two conditions," she said. "First, you are to ask no questions—second, you are not to detain her a moment beyond my pleasure; if you do, so sure will I bring the plague upon you."

Her eye burned redly; her face (it must have been handsome once) was full of fire; I did feel a momentary dread of the woman, but my heart was yearning to see my little darling, and I promised. She was gone for full five minutes; she brought Lena, but oh, Van Alstyne, what a change! Mournful, pale, trembling, her great eyes swimming in tears she seemed afraid to let fall.

"Don't read if it troubles you," murmured the weak voice behind the curtains.

He did not see the struggles for composure, the heaving chest, the blinded eyes, the quivering fingers; did not hear the long-drawn, yet silent sigh.

"Her locks shortened, her arms white and thin," resumed Leoline, gathering the letter closer to the light—Van Alstyne, my heart choked me; I held her to my bosom, and thought I would fly with her to my mother, but the remembrance of my promise restrained me. Van Alstyne, when I think of the suffering of that dear child, I want to live; I want her to live, that she may yet know the delights of a happy home. It was like tearing soul and body apart to give her up, but she seemed to have been schooled into submission; and, dear one! she seemed so happy only to have seen me. But, Van Alstyne, as the Indian turned to go, she made this remark:

"The eagle had pity on the bird, and learned to love the bird; the eagle may be torn in pieces, but the bird will live, and go back to its golden cage, and sing all its life."

Was not this strange? I hope the Indian has not returned to that frightful city with my darling—may God spare her life!

"Bring out your dead!"

The hoarse cry sounded above Leoline's voice. She paused; there came a tread of shuffling feet, of smothered whispers in the next room; a brushing past the closed door; muffled footsteps down the stairs; a low, coarse laugh; the closing of the street door; a heavy rumbling of wheels; and there was silence she dared not break. The pest-cart had borne away the corpse of Le Vaugn.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

RECOMPENSE.

The plague was over. On the 15th of October there was a heavy rain, the clouds burst asunder, and the hot, panting, fever-stricken city arose out of its calamity, and put on fresh garments. From that day the sickness diminished, the cooling winds swept the close air of death from the grass-grown streets, and a new vitality arose from the ashes of destruction. First might be seen one or two shops opened in some deserted quarter of the city: occasionally a cart was driven from street to street; a solitary hammer smote the silence; one house after another gave signs of occupation; presently more stores were opened; carriages deposited their inmates at the hotels; boats rowed about the river; vessels spread their white sails; and before many weeks the streets were thronged, the carriages driving, the places of public amusement filled, and the hum and stir of business and domestic life made music where the awful silence of the plague had ruled. Doctor Angell had taken the fever, and had narrowly escaped with his life. To Mrs. Angell the season had been one of terror, though God had sent a baby to her heart; but this, absorbing gift as it was, did not prevent her mind from dwelling on the perils to which her husband, by his noble devotion to humanity, exposed his life daily. But when she received him as from the mouth of the grave, leaned once more upon his bosom, and felt the blessed thrill of his fervent kiss, the anguish of the past was all forgotten. And Chip! how she welcomed her! How she thanked God, with tears and fervency, that the peculiar suffering to which she had been exposed was forever past! Chip lay sobbing and laughing within the arms that so tenderly supported her; her haven was reached—a sacred home. There were the books she loved—the beautiful poets, who had stirred her nature, till rapture turned to pain; there was the new pianoforte the doctor had bought especially for her. There was her own table, with its many drawers, in which her colors, her own choice stock of stationery, her pretty silver-headed pencils, her store of exquisite engravings, all lay as if she had put them back but yesterday, and after a night's refreshing sleep had returned to them again; and then, wonder of wonders! there was in the cradle the greatest gift and blessing of all—a miracle of infantile grace and loveliness—a babe who should be hers to fondle and caress. Chip's cup of joy was full. The day was a thousand times brighter because the night had been so dark and stormful, and like a young eagle that has learned to rest upon its own outspread pinions, her soul soared exultingly in this home-atmosphere.

Park Dinsmore fluttered between Germantown and Quaker John's homestead, spending alternate days in each; Martha and Nick were again established in their wonted dwelling, for Le Vaugn had provided nobly for his faithful domestics, and made arrangements for her still to occupy the home she had loved so long, till the boy Nick should grow to manhood. The whole estate, bank funds, stock, and shares, and interest in the paper, went into the hands of Van Alstyne, who was appointed in trust for the two children, and to whom a liberal salary was secured, thus placing him far above want.

One bright morning, early in the ensuing spring, a carriage drove up to the door of Quaker John; a rustle of heavy silks sounded in the hall. Leoline had returned from a long visit at Mrs. Dinsmore's; she still wore her disguise, but the gray hair, the sombre, frilled cap, and the patches upon her cheeks, could not conceal the joy that illuminated her whole face. Park Dinsmore entered the Quaker parlor, with Leoline and his mother, and behind them walked, in all the dignity of stiff brocade and flowing veil, ruffled-shirt, velvet breeches, and with a mein of courtliness mingled with a condescending politeness that made them really charming, the aged mother and father of Mrs. Dinsmore. Great ceremony ensued in the greetings that followed—many bows, and proper speeches, and arranging of the best chairs, and little thoughtful attentions that seemed indispensable to the stateliness of the courtly old folks. Quaker John, straight as an arrow, his dark eyes beaming with pleasure, his brown locks covered with his drab broad-brim, and his quiet "yea" and "verily," his single-minded manner, and winning smile, attracted great attention from the veteran couple.

"Thee is not near enough to the fire, friend," said Quaker John, to old Mr. Dinsmore, "permit me to move thy chair."

"Obliged to you, sir—obliged to you," returned the old gentleman, gracefully bowing, "I am comfortably seated, sir, comfortably seated."

"My dear, this room reminds me of the one in Devonshire," said the elder Mrs. Dinsmore, speaking with great precision, while she crossed her gloved hands over the handkerchief that lay on her knee, edged with old-fashioned point lace, very yellow, but very rich.

"Yes, my dear," he returned with an elaborate inclination towards her, "I don't know but it does."

It was a large, square room, very plain, high ceiled, with four cheerful windows, whose deep embrasures suggested cosy seats for little folks or for lovers to hold confidential tete-a-tetes. The fire-place was ornamented with highly finished tiles, and a broad fender, bright as gold. At every window came in the cheerful sun, unhindered by curtain or blinds, though the latter were folded on each side ready for use. Purity, refinement, and a Quaker taste, reigned over all the household.

"Mother and father have not visited before for—how long is it father?" asked Mrs. Dinsmore, touching his white locks with a gentle reverence.

"Six years, my daughter," replied the courtly old man, "we are great home-bodies, sir; we cling to old associations, and live much in the past.

"Yea," said friend John, contemplatively, "it mattereth not if we live *toward* the future. God giveth us of His loving kindness at all times, His name be blessed"—and he rubbed his hands softly one over the other, and smiled towards the fire, as if with the eyes of his mind he were gazing into the brightness of Heaven.

The Quaker had invited "a company" to his house that day, including Martha and her charge, doctor Angell and his wife, with Chip. The doctor came, bringing the sweet little girl, who, freed from apprehension, had grown bloomingly beautiful. Van Alstyne was there, still pale, for some hidden sorrow weighed down his heart, and now and then the Quaker's forewoman appeared for a few moments, but seemed to be busily engaged. In quiet converse the hours wore away. Now and then allusion was made to the sickness that had devastated the city, but the doctor was averse even to its mention, and blessings and mercies formed the general theme, mingled with thanksgiving.

"Will you walk out?" asked Park Dinsmore of Van Alstyne, leaving his little pet, and sauntering towards the professor, who was gazing absently into the street.

"With pleasure," replied the other, and they passed from the house together.

"I am so glad you have got the professorship in Yale!" said Park, after a short silence, "but you seem to be nowaya elated."

"I am happy at the prospect of still being with you," replied Van Alstyne, smiling a little sadly, "but to tell the truth, no news gives me much joy."

"Van Alstyne, what makes you so gloomy?" inquired Park, taking his friend's arm. "Is it the loss of poor Le Vaugn, or any dear friend? is it your ill-health since the fever? It grieves me to see you unhappy."

Van Alstyne did not answer; they were just just turning the corner where stood the old Hantz house.

"See, the door is open," said Park, touching it with his finger, "let's go in, nobody lives there now."

Van Alstyne gladly acceded. A secret longing to enter and look in silence and loneliness upon the walls within which he had spent the golden hours of his life, and more than once possessed him. For Leoline's strange silence he could not account; since his sickness she had been invisible, and even Quaker John, when appealed to, waived the subject and bade him wait; so he had waited till patience was gone, and the gloom of doubt had made him at last, despondingand unhappy. They had ascended the stairs—gained the room to which Van Alstyne led the way, when a low murmur arrested the attention of both. The manner in which the open door stood, enabled them to see the Quaker's forewoman upon her knees, one arm about the boy Nick, talking fondly and earnestly to him, while he, with red cheeks and a boyish bashfulness, gazed in her face. The voice was low—the words were undistinguishable, but they seemed to leap from a passionate and long smothered love. She pressed back his locks, and gently kissed him on his forehead—then, as if she could no longer restrain her feelings, caught him to her bosom, and rained kisses upon his brow, cheek and lips, before he could disengage himself from her embrace. Suddenly starting at sounds of a footstep, she sprang to her feet, and with a voice of alarm cried,

"Who is there?"

Park retreated, but Van Alstyne, whispering, "We will not seem to be listeners," advanced, saying, "I beg your pardon, madam, we came up to look over the old house, never for a moment imagining we should find it occupied."

The woman had grown pale; she calmly accepted his apology, and still was silent.

"Pardon me, madam," Van Alstyne said, again approaching her with much agitation; "will you not give me some information concerning the lady who formerly occupied these rooms? I promise you, on the honor of a gentleman, I will not abuse your confidence; it is of the greatest importance that I should see her before I leave this city—perhaps never to return."

"You shall see her," murmured Leoline, turning to go in the little room adjoining, and shutting the door.

Van Alstyne grew white.

"What does it mean?" whispered Park—"if it *should* be!" and he started as the thought broke upon him, "amazement! what if the Quaker's forewoman should be Leoline, after all?"

The door opened again, and it was Leoline's self who entered, pale, sweetly beautiful, garbed in black, and advancing towards Van Alstyne, she said,

"No longer the Quaker's forewoman, but simple Leoline, now and forever."

Van Alstyne clasped her outstretched hand in both of his, but his great emotion would not let him speak.

Park stood by, bashful, yet smiling, as many past occurrences, meetings and gatherings rushed through his mind. At last Van Alstyne broke the silence, exclaiming,

"Can it be possible? *Can* transformation be so complete? Leoline, you astonish me. I am bewildered beyond expression. I believed it impossible—"

"For women to keep secrets?" suggested Park, roguishly.

"No—I did not mean—I was not going to say that; but then the skill! the admirable self-possession—I am just astounded—but so happy! so very happy."

"Perhaps," said Leoline, checking his rapture, "we had all better return to the house; it is chilly here. Come," and she held out her hand to Nick, who, apparently fascinated with the beautiful woman, put his hand confidingly within her clasp.

"I am his guardian," whispered Van Alstye, impulsively; (Park had hurried on before them;) then noting the flush and extreme emotion of his new-found love, he added—"Dearest, you are as holy in my eyes as an angel. Forget the past—I beseech you let neither of us allude to it, however distantly. I could not live without you—I should have died, Leoline."

She gave him one grateful look; tears were in her eyes, tears of rapture, of perfect happiness. She had found rest. She had tried him—his patience—his truth—his nobleness—and he was great in all. This atoned for the cloud that had ever rested on her life—her heart-breaking griefs—her sorrow, borne under the deepest sense of injury a woman can possibly feel.

She entered the parlor, modestly clinging to Van Alstyne's arm.

"I see—it's all right," said the doctor, "all I have to say is, remember me."

"My mother has known it from the first," said Park, proudly, to Van Alstyne; "but she has been working for you all the time. Oh! Van Alstyne—the night you drove home with the ancient dame—it chokes me to think of it. Oh! Van Alstyne! the many times you have met—and parted—and shaken hands, and all that sort of thing; I declare the whole matter in retrospect is the funniest thing in the world."

"Except her watching over me when I was almost dying of the plague," suggested the professor, gravely.

"Well, she *is* a splendid woman!" said Park; "and now, Van Alstyne, you'll be married, and settle down; and I'm going to college, to stay four years—then shall return—marry Lena—she'll be sixteen, and we're engaged," he added, demurely; "sure as you live," he continued, seeing a smile on the face of the professor; "Lena's little, but she knows enough to love me. Do you notice how subdued she is? how quiet, thoughtful and womanly!"

Van Alstyne assented, but he scarcely heard, although he listened, his mind was so much occupied with his own happiness.

The scene closes, and we take a last look at our friends. Van Alstyne and Leoline, Nick, the good doctor and his wife, our sweet little Chip, now Lena Le Vaugn, and to be the wife of Park Dinsmore; Quaker John, the benevolent and pitiful; his gentle sister; Mrs. Dinsmore and her picturesque old father and stately old mother. We look away into the handsome cottage on the outskirts of the city, to take a last glance at Masty's honest features, as she sits in her own "boughten" home; and we see the homely inn, where the wife and baby of bald-headed Job are still crying in concert—and catch a glimpse of the redoubtable Snackskin, hanging out her clothes, as she shouts in shrill treble—

"I ain't got nothing to do, no, nothing in the world."

Peace to the living—peace to the dead.

[THE END.]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

The POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of the POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the Paper, those wishing back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being "First come, first served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS M. A. DENISON, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the two following novelets, BOTH OF WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD;
A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

An Original Novelet, written for the POST by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE WAR TRAIL;
A Romance of the War with Mexico,
BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

At the close of "Chip," we design commencing one of the following—ALL OF WHICH WILL ALSO BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY AS THEY ARE PUBLISHED, WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the POST, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.
A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

In addition to the above list of contributions we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined:—"Memories of Morning;" "A Voice from the Crowd;" "To Wilhelmina," "Blighted Hopes but Reap Despair."

J. F. P., Jr. Respectfully declined.

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

In our next paper we design commencing the novelet of "LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND, A STORY OF THE NEW JERSEY COAST," by the author of "Zillah, the Child Medium." "Zillah" was published in THE POST last year, and has recently been issued in book form by Messrs. Dix, Edwards & Co., of New York.

New subscribers to THE POST will find the opening of LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND a capital opportunity to register their names—as we are frequently unable to supply the back numbers of our novelets. It is no longer in our power to supply *full* sets either of "The War Trail" or "Chip, the Cave Child"—such has been the demand for both of these stories.

THEY KNOW WHAT'S WHAT.—One of the greatest institutions of our city, as every well-informed man knows, is the High School, the "People's College." To be a "High School boy" is a recommendation in Philadelphia for any employment—for a keener, more intelligent set of youngsters are not to be found anywhere. They are the cullings of all the other schools, the very "crack" scholars. Judge, then, of our satisfaction in finding the following notice in the last number of the "*High School Journal*,"—a monthly paper which we commend to the favorable notice of our citizens:—

The Saturday Evening Post is before us, with its eight large pages of original and interesting matter, containing two beautiful stories, besides agricultural news, travels, sketches, poetry, &c. We cannot do justice to this Philadelphia paper, which is fast superseding the weekly papers of New York and Boston. Our city can now boast a *superior* paper, which, while amusing, teaches and instructs us. It is truly a paper for the people. That it may count its subscribers by hundreds of thousands is our wish!

A WORD TO CONSUMPTIVES.

We have recently come upon the lax and drooping figures of several acquaintances, who, finding themselves at various stages of consumption, have sat down, sad-eyed and sallow-visaged, and with despairing equanimity, have torpidly and tranquilly made up their minds to die. The awakening words of cheer and counsel which we found it in our mind to speak on those occasions, we now publish in substance for the benefit of those sad-eyed and sallow-visaged people who undoubtedly sit everywhere with unstrung bodies, and dejected souls, desperately endeavoring to kill themselves with depression, before they can be killed by consumption.

The first thing to be said is, that, consumption being in nearly, if not quite all cases, strictly a curable disease, it is morally wrong for any persons to allow themselves to become indifferent to earthly life, and to accelerate the processes of dissolution by yearnings for the life beyond the grave. Resignation is a very good thing—in its place. When one is going over the cataract of Niagara, we think the virtue may be commendably exercised, and that it shows to great advantage. But when one falls into a simple pond or running stream, we think resignation contemptible compared to vigorous and instantaneous swimming. Life was given to us for living, not for dying. Life is the best of all our possessions, and we think it becomes every person to take care of it to the best of his, or her, ability, and not to surrender it without a struggle. If any one of us were Robinson Crusoe without his man Friday—isolated, companionless, unconnected, disremembered—the wish or the willingness to die would be decent. But this is a world of relations and duties—a world where we live not for ourselves alone, but for others, and our existence is a constant comfort, support, succor, joy, or consolation to our lovers and dependents. Thus, there is a secret and subtle selfishness in any abandonment of life or longing for happier scenes in other spheres. This is one of the numerous ways the devil has of folding his tail to look like an unexceptionable coat skirt. Under the plea of piety, or the cover of necessity, we propose to escape life's discipline and duties, and, hoping for a private good, abandon the blessed opportunity that permits our lives to be private and public beatitudes to all around us.

Yet it must be allowed that an indifference to life is, naturally, the accompaniment of that spiritual depression induced by a feeble or aching body; and we know how hard it is for the spirit to struggle with its weak strength against its strong weakness. But the effort should, nevertheless, be made. The conviction that every consumptive, or otherwise sick, person should be under, is that it is a duty to strive against the inclination to inactivity, and to resolutely employ every means within reach to effect a condition of sound health.

It is idle to hope anything from medicine beyond a temporary amelioration of distressing symptoms. The fountain springs which feed the disease, are undoubtedly an imperfect digestion and a sluggish state of the blood, often induced by sedentary employments or habits, and the breathing of an impure atmosphere, or, at least, sustained by these. To obtain a keen appetite for food, a perfect digestion, and an aroused circulation of the vital fluid, should be the aims of every consumptive person. To compass these aims, out-of-door exercise is the main thing. Sydenham, one of the lights of medicine, who wrote nearly two hundred years ago, says that the remedy beyond all remedies, is daily riding on horseback, and this because great exercise is thus gained with little fatigue. Persons who cannot afford a horse, can take long daily rides in omnibuses, carts, or any vehicle whose motion shakes up the physical system. Exercise of any kind that can be borne, is good, since it assists the appetite, and stimulates the functions of the body into activity. Frequent bathing, or rather thorough washing of the entire body with warm or cold water, as the habit of body may determine, in order to remove the animal deposits from the pores, and enable the body to breathe freely and freely expel the gases which it generates, and the particles of dead matter which it seeks to throw off—is highly necessary. But above all, one should live in the air and walk in the sun, exercise actively and frequently, and avoid close rooms, sedentary habits, and gloomy meditations. In this way appetite, digestion, and a healthy action of all the body functions may be gained, and robust health is certain to follow. Once more we charge all consumptive persons to remember that their greatest danger is in giving up and sitting still. Fun, frolic, out-door exercise, and frequent bathing, will give them a new lease of life on the best conditions.

THE INTERNATIONAL TELEGRAPH

The lover of antithesis will find a subject for notice in the fact that in little more than a week, England and America will overlay their historic background of bitterness and battle with a great work of peace. Two frigates—one of each nation—the Agamemnon and the Niagara—are to sail to the central ocean, each freighted with the mystic coil of the international telegraph. There they will join the two ends of the cable, which the monetary interests of both nations have already symbolically joined, and there they will separate, one sailing back to Britain, the other to America, each connected by that united strand which will be submerged as they sail, and which will finally clasp either shore, and make instant communication across the Atlantic practicable.

It is a great work, and only wants a great end, to be a sublime one. But the chief merit of a telegraph is in having something worthy to tell. Our city telegraphs seem to us the best of the telegraph family. They have a limited, but a definite and serious aim. They say to the citizens, "Here's a house on fire—come, and put it out"—or, "Here's a lost child," and are in these and similar ways palpably and piously useful and moral. But the other telegraph is a gossip and a liar, which detracts from its merits. It tells the state of the markets, it serves private interests by transmitting messages, it avails to whisper into the ear of distance the coming of illegal rogues, and it is in similar ways a good and serviceable Puck to the secular Oberon; but it does imp's work likewise, when it becomes the courier of trifles, carries fibs and fabrications, and is the bearer of a great deal of useless information. The international telegraph will be the mightiest member of the family, and we suppose that it will not serve any higher good than does the telegraph now existing, since there is no higher good to serve, and that it will be as subservient a messenger of international tittle-tattle, intrigue, chicane and lies. Its highest use will be as a vehicle of communication between merchants in relation to business affairs, and between friends and kindred whom the broad waters separate—certainly a great use, and not to be undervalued. But only to think that we have found this magnificent implement, and the only employment for it is to help a few private loves and friendships, forestall a few rogues, quickly tell a few diplomats how not to do it, and report the figure at which consols and cotton hold! Puck puts his girdle round about the globe in forty seconds, and for this only.

Enthusiastic editors instruct the public that this is the bond which is to bind the world together in lasting unity and concord,—the great agent of Christianity and civilization. They mistake. This is a means, not an end. The world which will not be bound together with love and faith, no telegraphic cable can bind. So far as unity and concord effected by such means are concerned, we are just where we were when our only means of communication was a slow-sailed merchantman. The generous ideas and great sentiments of the good and wise—the thoughts that go forth in robes of light with swords—these are what win the victories of Christianity and civilization, and bind men and nations together with bonds of harmony and truth. So far as the international telegraph can be made the agent of these—so far as it assists the ends which these strive to gain—so far is it the instrument of a great and enduring good. But this is one of the Genii of the Lamp which our childhood read of in the Arabian tale: it does for us whatever we will—it serves our best or our basest purposes, as we decree. Is it in our hands to be the minister of the eternal right and good, or only the minister of our coarse and common secular affairs? We are all—nearly all—engaged in this great, suspicious, grasping, selfish, antagonistic game of life, where each man plays for himself, and few for all. Is our beautiful, magical invention to serve anything but the issues of that game? We are engaged in this constant never-ending war of peace, which is, internationally, nationally, and individually the sharpest, most destructive and debasing war—debasing because underhanded and fought with weapons of cunning and deceit—enormously destructive because it kills heroism, confidence, and honor—a war of time-serving, and false-pretences, of commercial fraud and adulteration, of scandal and slander and detraction, of over-reaching, chicanery, and brazen lies—and in which individual strives against individual, class against class, nation against nation, all against each, and each against all. Is our magnificent telegraph to be much more than an engine in this universal internecine struggle? Is it to be much more than a vehicle for the diffusion of universal misinformation and misunderstanding, with the special result of muddling all things hopelessly?

It is a mighty implement, and its moral is to hint to us what things may be done, and how operations may be facilitated, when the race of men becomes mightier. A great implement now—but how much greater when it helps the sublime affairs of that better world which shall be ours when the Good Time Coming comes!

TALLENGETTA.—This novelet, from the pen of William Howitt, with which we opened this year's series of stories in THE POST, has recently been republished in book form in England. We feel inclined to class the series of stories published in THE POST this year, as the best published in any paper in the country. But, if such be the case, the country will find it out. Let us see what "LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND" has to say for itself.

BOUQUETS.—Our thanks are due to Mr. Henry A. Dreer at 327 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, for the beautiful bouquet of choice and fragrant flowers with which he lately lightened and sweetened our sanctum.

☞ An Irishman remarked to his companion on observing a lady pass, "Pat, did you ever see so thin a woman as that before?" "Thin," replied the other, "bothershun, I've seen a woman as thin as two of her put together, I have."

☞ Mme. de Girardin said,—"Of a hundred men you may find one witty; of a hundred women you may find one stupid. See the proportion."

☞ A Western editor and his wife were walking out in the bright moonlight one evening. The wife was of an exceedingly poetical nature, and said to her mate, "Notice that moon—how bright, and calm, and beautiful." "Couldn't think of noticing it," returned the editor, "for anything less than the usual rates—a dollar and fifty cents for twelve lines."—And yet many bright fellows think that we can afford to notice their little inventions, &c., in THE POST for nothing!

☞ A DISTINCTION.—Napoleon was one day searching for a book in the library of Malmaison, and at last discovered it on a shelf somewhat above his reach. Marshal Moncey, who was present, one of the tallest men in the army, stepped forward, saying:—"Permit me, sire; I am *higher* than your majesty." "You are *longer*, marshal," said the Emperor, with a frown.

☞ A great change in life is like a cold bath in winter—we all hesitate at the first plunge.

☞ What is more beautiful and poetical than the child's idea of ice, "Water gone to sleep."

☞ Superstition, the creature of guilt and fear, is an evil almost as ancient as the human family. But enthusiasm, the child of love, hardly appeared on earth until after the time when life and immortality had been brought to light by Christianity.—*Isaac Taylor.*

☞ A young man who was desirous of marrying a daughter of a well-known Boston merchant, after many attempts to broach the subject to the old gentleman, in a very stuttering manner commenced:—"Mr. O———, are you willing to let me have your daughter Jane?" "Of course I am," gruffly replied the old man; "and I wish you would get some other likely fellows to marry the rest of them

New Publications.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF NEW YORK BOARDING HOUSES, By THOMAS BUTLER GUNN, (Mason Brothers, New York, for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.,) is an entire broadside of squib and satire. It is the work of a person who, very evidently has had experiences, since the book, though in many respects a caricature, has yet lineaments of truth which only personal observation could have supplied. The various kinds of boarding houses are shown up, with the most ludicrous success, the general effect of the descriptions being much heightened by a series of funny and felicitous engravings which illustrate the letter press. We are favored with comical views of the Private Family Boarding House, the Cheap Boarding House, the Fashionable Boarding House where you don't get enough to eat, the Dirty Boarding House, the Medical Students' Boarding House, the Tip-Top, the Hand-to Mouth, and a number of others which will come home to all men familiar with those barracks of civilization at which so many of us are compelled to find quarters.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN G. WHITTIER (Ticknor & Fields, Boston, T. B. Peterson, Phila.,) are now bound up in two little blue and gold volumes, clearly printed, and embellished with a portrait of the poet. It is needless to say anything of poems which have had such a wide circulation, and have won respect and admiration everywhere—even from those who most dissent from the poet's views and principles. Whittier cannot now receive full appreciation, but he is one of those to whom, in Lord Bacon's phrase, "Death openeth the gates of a good fame." He has a great niche and a great statue in the Future.

STORIES FOR THE STRAWBERRY PARTY, by Thrace Talmon, (French & Co., Boston,) is the title of a little gift-book for children, simple, pleasant, and thoughtful in character. The author is a lady whose *nom de plume* begins to be familiar to the readers of various publications, and has, at least once, graced a column of the Post.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES, for July, edited by Isaac Hays, M. D., is full of valuable matter, and may be had of Messrs. Blanchard & Lea, Philada.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS, July 9th, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The new elections necessitated by the insufficiency of the majorities obtained in three of the wards of Paris a week ago, have resulted in the election of three opposition-candidates, Gen. Cavaignac, M. Varin, and M. Darimon. Oddly enough, these members are now elected, through the casting of a larger number of votes in their favor, but by the abstinence of a considerable number of the electors who, last week, voted for the government, but who appear not to have been willing to give themselves the trouble to go a second time to the polls.

A FINE HUMBUG.

A certain Doctor Vries, residing in one of the handsomest streets of this gay city, conceives himself to be divinely commissioned for putting an end to the reign of Evil, and bringing in at once the "better time" so long in coming. This gentleman, who states himself to be "the son of a Protestant father and a Pagan mother," professes to have received various messages from Heaven in the shape of visions, calling on him to save the world, once and for all, by the erection of the mystic Temple of Marble described by Ezekiel, in which all tribes, tongues, and religions will be melted into one harmonious faith, worship, and life. This peace-giving structure is to be built in the Champs Elysees, just opposite the Palace of Industry; and the Doctor has offered "to the competition of all the artists of the universe," a prize of $5,000 and a gold medal for the best plan for its construction; artists being at liberty to choose any order of architecture they think proper, pure Greek, Tuscan, Byzantine, Moorish, Gothic, Anglo Norman, provided they draw their inspirations from the perusal of Solomon and Ezekiel, and do not forget that it is a sacred edifice they are called upon to plan, one dedicated to God, and that must vie in splendor and size with Saint Peter's in Rome, Saint Paul's in London, Notre Dame in Paris, the Cathedral of Milan, the Dome of Cologne, &c. Prizes of $250, and $110 are to be awarded to the second and third best of the plans presented. He also makes an "appeal to all Masons, and especially Free-Masons, to furnish the 100,000 builders necessary to complete the building;" and to the world in general to furnish funds for that purpose. For some time past the Doctor has been busily distributing a long prospectus setting forth the marvellous things Heaven has called on him to do; promising a book which is to give an account of various wonders, seen and unseen, urging people to "hearken unto the voice of the Lord" sounding through his person, and proclaiming that the first meeting preparatory to the creation of the new Temple would be held on the 24th of June, 1856. The programme of this *fete*, which really took place on the appointed day, is brilliant. "Masonic Deputations; ladies in white and gentlemen in black forming choirs; a discourse by the revealer of the Marble Temple; nomination of Committees; choruses of praise and thanksgiving to the Lord; proclamation and development of the principles of universal reform; chorus; a second address; reading of addresses to all the sovereigns of the world; triumphal march of the soldiers who have distinguished themselves in fighting the battles of the Lord, and who are so happy as to be present at this festival of the reunion of peoples; triumphal march of priests of all religions united, who will defile in the direction of the west of the ground on which the Marble Temple will be built (see 75 Psalm); collection towards building expenses; concluding Hymn of Thanksgiving."

THE HUMBUG'S FOLLOWERS.

It has often been said that no creed is too absurd to find acceptance; and it seems that the creed of Dr. Vries, with his "protestant father and pagan mother" is a confirmation of this *dictum*. The preacher of the Temple of Marble has already a certain number of followers, and the fete of June 24, which came off "as per" prospectus, on that day, in a grand hotel of the Rue de Rivoli, is described by an eye witness as being "equally brilliant and strange." According to the account of this guest, Dr. Vries, son of a Dutchman and a Hindoo lady, had chosen St. John's Day (June 24) for the distribution of another prospectus of the book he is about to publish, containing the programme of the erection of the Temple of the kingdom of Christ, predicted by Solomon, described by Ezekiel, shown in a vision to Vries, and about to be built in marble in the city of Paris. On entering the vestibule, the eyes of the guests were met by these words from the Bible, traced in large letters on a wide band of white cotton:

"This is the day the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad therein." Psalms cxviii, v. 24.

In the saloon, magnificently furnished and splendidly lighted, was assembled a large number of ladies, whom my informant describes as "remarkably beautiful, and belonging to almost every country." A great picture of John the Baptist hung in this room, surrounded by garlands of white flowers. Out of this room opened a boudoir, also very elegantly furnished, and in which was a portrait representing a bacchante, with bare shoulders, draped in a panther's skin, and holding a golden cup. On the frame, beneath the picture, were inscribed these words:

"M. le Docteur Vries is requested to accept this portrait, which will remind him of the features of one who, given over by all the doctors, owes her life to him, and drinks to his health from an ever-full cup.

"HELENE ANDRINOFF,

"First *danseuse* of the Imperial Theatre of St. Petersburg."

THE HUMBUG'S CLIMAX.

The "triumphal marches" announced in the programme of the *fete* did not take place, apparently because the Masonic and Clerical bodies have not converted themselves to the ideas of Dr. Vries as fast as he had expected, and were consequently elsewhere on that occasion; but, at midnight, a picture was brought in, representing the future temple. The founder, to whom the English tongue appears very familiar, next exposed his ideas in that language, in very good style; and his speech was then translated into French by M. Jeunesse, well-known here as formerly one of the principal editors of the *Assemblee Nationale*. After this discourse, the guests adjourned to the supper-room, filled with the richest exotic flowers and shrubs, where a splendid refection was laid out, and where everybody performed the agreeable ceremony of drinking to the construction of the Marble Temple. A fine orchestra, established in the principal saloon, executed various symphonies during the evening. In his prospectus of eight folio pages, very neatly got up, now before me, Dr. Vries promises to give a description of the city of Synmurda, and of the horrible magnificences of the palace of the Prince of Darkness, or Synmurda; to tell why a vision of Darkness led Nicholas to attack the Holy Land, and why a vision of an Archangel of Light led the Sovereign of the French to protect it, with a long rigmarole of similar "descriptions," *showing how Paris is to become* the New Jerusalem, and the world to be converted to perfection by the Marble Temple to be built in its midst.

A ROYAL HOTEL-KEEPER.

Several of the emperors, kings, and queens, seemingly tired of the wearisome etiquette they have inherited from their forefathers, are journeying about Europe "incognito." But as the approach of such visitors can scarcely be kept a secret, this "incognito" is apt to be rather transparent; the principal advantage reaped by those who endeavor thus to shield themselves from public curiosity, being a comparative immunity from the triumphal arches, and prosy speeches of official welcomes at railway stations.

This reminds me of an incident in the journey of the Emperor Joseph II., who, when on his way to Paris, passing through Stuttgardt, was invited by the Grand-Duke of Wurtemburg to alight at the ducal palace. The Emperor replied that he was travelling incognito, and should put up at an inn. On this, the Grand-Duke ordered all the hotel-keepers of Stuttgardt to take down their signs, and caused an immense sign, with the words *Hotel de l'Empereur*, to be placed over the palace. The Emperor was so much amused at this ingenious idea, that he was fain to alight there, though he could hardly have done otherwise, no other sign being visible. He was received at the door by the Duke of Wurtemburg in the costume of a *maitre d'hotel*, white waistcoat, white apron, and cap in hand. All the domestics of the palace had laid aside the royal livery, and the highest personages of the little State were arrayed as cook, footmen, valets de chambre, butlers, and majordomos; the ladies of these *grand seigneurs*, had exchanged their plumes and trains for the short petticoat and white caps and aprons of the maid servants or a well-ordered inn. The Emperor greatly enjoyed this masquerade, which was kept up throughout his stay, his incognito being strictly respected. When he again got into his carriage he offered his thanks to the master of the inn, chucked the prettiest of the chambermaids under the chin, and seeing that his postillion was a thin old fellow, with well-worn leathern trowsers, dirty boots, patched waistcoat, and enormous rough cape, made up his mind that he was, at least, being driven away by a genuine postillion. The old postillion whipped up his horses, and whirled the Emperor along with the skill of a most accomplished master of the road. Greatly delighted with the speed of his journey, and the skill of his driver, the Emperor remarked to his attendants that he should give the old fellow a famous "drink-money," adding, "I should like to see one of our fine margraves in the place of this honest old whip!"

Arrived at the next relay, the Emperor ordered the postillion to be sent for when his attendants were obliged to inform him that his postillion was no other than the Prince of ——, who had wished to have the pleasure of driving the Imperial visitor with the most magnificent horses of his stud. QUANTUM.

☞ A fashionable city lady, whilst in the country a short time since, inquired, "What are those animals with powder-horns growing out of their ears?" as though it were not genteel for a female to know a cow!

A DESCENT INTO THE CATACOMBS.

The following thrilling account of a descent into the Catacombs is from William C. Prime's "Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia:"

The descent into the cavern was by sitting on the edge, swinging off with one hand on each side of the hole, and dropping into the depths below, where a soft bed of sand received us, in a chamber just large enough to hold the eight persons of whom the party consisted—all standing in a stooping posture, while we lighted our candles and arranged for progress. I tossed my tarbouche and takea up to Abd el-Atti, and left my head bare. Then—following the principal guide, I lay down flat on my face, holding my candle before me, and began to advance with as close a resemblance to a snake's motion as human vertebræ will admit of. My own guide and Abdallah followed me; the English gentleman next, and the dragoman and guide bringing up the rear. I progressed slowly and with great difficulty, constantly bruising my back on the sharp points of the rock above me, some five or six yards. Legh calls it eight; but I think it is not so much. We were now able to stand up again in stooping posture, the ceiling being a little over four feet high, and thus advanced eight or ten yards further, until we reached the chamber of which Mr. Legh speaks.

I am of the opinion that we had now arrived just under the last of the torrent I have spoken of; and that the entire cavern which I afterwards explored is a natural fissure in the rock running under this point of meeting of two hills, and following the line of the valley between them. This is, of course, a conjecture, as I did not take a compass with me to determine the course.

This chamber was a small, irregular, cavernous room, the floor of which was covered with shapeless masses of stone that had fallen from the roof. Over these we stepped with great difficulty. I need not remark that the darkness was profound, and the air already became so close that our candles burned but dimly, so that each man was obliged to hold his own at his feet to determine where to set them. Crossing the room, we stepped over a chasm between a mass of rock and the wall of the chamber, to a point in the wall which presented a rugged edge, and from this into a narrow doorway, about four feet high. I call it a doorway, for it resembles one, though I could find no signs of artificial origin about it. It was almost square and opened into a sort of gallery, the floor of which was covered with broken rock, and interrupted by huge deep fissures. A ledge at the side afforded tolerable walking for some distance, in a stooping posture; and then we again lay down on our faces and crawled through a passage twenty feet in length, entering the largest chamber in the pit.

It was a very irregular chasm, perhaps seventy or a hundred feet in diameter. Entrance to it was almost forbidden by clouds of bats that met me in the narrow passage through which I was crawling, dashing into my face, wounding my forehead and cheeks, clinging to my hair and beard, like so many thousand devils disputing my entrance to hell. I can give no adequate idea of this chamber of horrors, in which I now found myself. Profoundly silent, we had crawled along, each man having a fast beating heart, and listening to its throbs; and now, as I emerged into this room, the loud whirr of the myriads of bats was like the sounds of another world into which I had penetrated. I staggered forward to a rock, and sat down, when a piercing yell started me to my feet. It rang through the cavern as if the arch-fiend himself were there tormenting some poor soul. But it was only one of my poor friends who was making his first entrance to an Egyptian catacomb, and had never before encountered the bats, with whom I was perfectly familiar. The one who was in advance was overwhelmed by the army that met him as he approached the room.

"What is it?" I shouted.

"These bats; they are devouring me."

"Push on; they'll not harm you."

"My light is gone, and I can see nothing."

"Here is my light—come toward it."

I had relit my candle, which had been put out as his was, and was now seated in the centre of the cavern, on a black rock, holding it up before my face. As he emerged into the room and caught sight of me, he uttered a howl of mingled astonishment and terror.

"Pluto or Sathanas, by all the gods!" said his friend, coming up behind him, and looking at me.

My appearance must have been picturesque, in my primitive costume, now begrimed with dirt, and seven bats (they counted them) hanging on my beard, with a perfect network and Medusa-coil of them in my hair. I was very little disturbed by the harmless little fellows, although, before coming to Egypt, I scarcely knew of an animal in the world so disgusting to my mind.

But the atmosphere, if it may be so called, of this chamber, was beyond all description horrible. It was not an air to faint in; there was too much ammonia for that. It was foul, vile, terrible. I confess, that as I found myself panting for breath, and drawing long, deep inspirations, to very choking, without reaching the right place in my lungs, (I think every one understands that) I trembled for an instant at the thought of going further. It was but an instant, however, and the desire to see the great repository of the sacred animals overpowered the momentary terror.

"Abdallah!"

"Ya, Howadji."

"If anything happens—if I fall down, give out, or faint, don't you run. Tell the guides that I have ordered Abd-el-Atti to shoot them man by man as they come out, if one of them appears without me. Do you pour this down my throat, and drag me out to the entrance.—You understand?"

"Aiowah, Ya, Howadji. Fear not; I will do it."

"Recollect that if I die, you all die—that is arranged for, as surely as you, one of you, attempt the entrance without me, Abd-el-Atti is ready for you."

The guides had listened attentively, and having seen me hand my pistols to my trusty dragoman before coming down, they believed every word of it, although it never occurred to me until this moment.

The guides were all at fault here, precisely as they were in Mr. Legh's time, and that of every traveller since. This chamber has been the end of most attempts to explore the pits.—The intense darkness is some excuse for this, since our eight candles wholly failed to show a wall anywhere around or above us. The men proposed that we should sit still, while they tried various passages opening out of the room. To this I objected, much preferring to trust myself at a juncture like this. In that intense blackness it was not easy even to find the way we had come in—for, of course, there was no guide north or south, except my recollection of the shape of the rock on which I was seated, and its bearings as I approached it. The reader will bear in mind that the whole floor of the room was covered with immense masses of rock, among which we moved about in search of outlets, leaving always one person on that rock to mark its locality.

After trying three passages that led nowhere, I hit on that one which the guides pronounced correct, and the party advanced. For the benefit of future explorers, if any such there be, I may explain that it is the first passage that goes out of the chamber to the right as you enter it. That is to say, keeping the right hand wall will bring you to it, leaping a chasm as its entrance. This is the chasm of which Legh speaks. I found it only about six feet deep.

The passage which we now entered ran so low that I found it necessary to creep on my hands and knees, and sometimes to crawl, snake fashion, full length. It continued for a distance that I hesitate to estimate. It is wholly impossible to guess at the progress one is making in such postures. Hanniker, I think, makes four hundred yards. I should think a thousand feet was a very large estimate, but it may be as much. The air was now worse, lacking the ammonia. It seemed to be pure nitrogen. The lungs operated freely, but took no benefit or refreshment from it, while the heat was awful, and perspiration rolled down our faces and bodies, soaking our clothes, and making mud on our features and hands with the fine dust that filled the atmosphere.

At length the passage became so narrow, that my progress was entirely blocked. My broad shoulders would not go through, and I paused to consider the matter. The hole was about eighteen inches wide, and a little more than two feet high. Evidently, Mr. Legh did not pass beyond this. I was obliged to lay over on my right side, presenting my body to its narrow way up and down, and pushing with all the strength of my feet as well as pulling with my hands on the floor and rocky projections, I forced myself along about eight feet. In this struggle my brandy flask, which was in my trowsers pocket, being under me, was broken to pieces, and my sole hope, in the event of a giving out of my faculties, was gone. At the time I thought little of it, laughing at the occurrence as I called out to those that followed me; but afterwards I remembered the accident with a shudder. The only argument that had allowed me to persuade myself to attempt this exploration was a promise that I would take brandy with me, which no one else had done, and if necessary, secure artificial strength thereby. It was gone now, and I was *more than a thousand feet from light and air*, in a passage that did not average four feet by two its entire length.

A vigorous push sent me out into a more open passage, and a sort of doorway opened into a gallery on a level two feet lower. Jumping down this step I was, for the first time in nearly a half hour, where I could stand upright. My English friend shouted for help behind me. His light was gone out, and he was literally stuck in the hole. I returned, touched my candle to his, and gave him a hand to drag him through, and in a few moments we were all standing together. We now advanced some hundred feet, perhaps three, perhaps five hundred feet, in a stooping posture mostly, but occasionally crawling as before, and at length, as we crept, the rough and very low parts of the gallery and the roof began to lift, and I found I was actually crawling over mummies. There was just here a sort of blind passage, at the side of the chief passage, in which the French expedition had carved their names. The wall was covered with a jet black substance, like the purest lamp black, which the point of a knife would scrape off, exposing the white rock. Numerous stalactites hung from the ceiling, all jet black, and some grotesque stalagmites at the sides of the passage startled me at first with the idea that they were sculptures. This black, sooty matter I cannot account for, unless it be the exhalations in ancient times from the crocodiles which were laid here, for we were at last in the depository.

The floor was covered with crocodile bones and mummy cloths. A spark of fire falling into them would have made this a veritable hell. As this idea was suggested, my English friends, whose experience in the narrow hole had been sufficiently alarming, vanished out of sight. They fairly ran. Having seen the mummies, and seized a few small ones in their hands, they hastened out, and left me with Abdallah and my two guides. Advancing over the mummies and up the hill which they formed, I found that I was in one of the number of large chambers, of the depth of which it was, of course, impossible to get any idea, as they were piled full of mummied crocodiles to the very ceiling. There was no means of estimating the number of them. When I say there were thousands of them, I shall not be thought to exaggerate, after I describe the manner in which they were packed and laid in.

Climbing to the top of the hill and extinguishing all lights but one, which I made Abdallah hold very carefully, I began to throw down the top of the pile to ascertain of what it was composed, and at length I made an opening between the mummies and the ceiling, through which I could go on further, descending a sort of hill of those dead animals, such as I had come up. In this way I progressed some distance, in a gallery or chamber that was not less than twenty feet wide, and probably twenty or thirty feet deep.

The crocodiles were laid in regular layers, head to tail and tail to head. First on the floor was a layer of large crocodiles, side by side, each one mummied and wrapped up in cloths. Then smaller ones were laid between the tails, filling up the hollows between them. Then, and most curious of all, the remaining interstices were packed full of young crocodiles, measuring with remarkable uniformity about thirteen inches in length, each one stretched out between two slips of palm-leaf stem, which were bound to its sides like splints, and then wrapped from head to foot in a slip of cloth, wound round, commencing at the tail, and fastened at the head. Then small ones were made up in bundles, usually of eight, and packed in closely wherever they could be stowed. I brought out more than a hundred of them, of which my friends in Egypt seized on the most as curiosities, but I succeeded in getting some twenty or thirty of them to America with me.

This layer completed, a layer of palm branches was carefully laid over it, spread thick and smooth, and then a second and precisely similar layer of crocodiles was laid, and another of palm branches, and thus continued to the ceiling. These palm branches, stems and mummies lie here in precisely the state they were two thousand years ago. No leaf of the palm has decayed. There could have been no moisture from the mummies whatever; or if any, it had no effect upon the palm branches.

Among these crocodiles I found the mummies of many men.

Sitting down on the side of the hill, by the dim candle light, I overhauled gods and men with sacrilegious hands. It was a strange, wild and awful scene. Among all the pictures that my memory has treasured of wandering life, I have none so fearful and thrilling as this. It was hell, a silent, silent, cold hell. All these bodies lay in rooms, in close packages, like so many souls damned to eternal silence and sorrow in this prison. Five bodies of men that I drew out of the mass lay before me, with their hideous stillness and inaction. I dared them to tell me in words the reproaches of which their silent frowns were so liberal: reproaches for penetrating their abode, and disturbing the repose of twenty or forty centuries.

These were of the poorest and most common sort, destitute of any box, wound in coarse cloth, and laid in the grave with the beasts that were sacred to their god. One I found afterwards in a thin plain box, but it contained no indication of its period, and bore no marks of its owner's name or position, much to my disappointment.

"Let us go further," I said to the guides at length.

"There is no further."

I was satisfied that the entrance we had effected was not by the passage known to the ancients, and that some other outlet lay beyond these chambers. I pushed my way over the piles of mummies to a point where another low passage went on, but it was too difficult of exploration to tempt me into it. It may lead to an outlet in the desert hitherto unknown, or that outlet may be long ago covered over by the shifting sands.

What was the object of all this preservation of the Nile monsters, it is not within the scope of this volume to discuss. It is at least a mystery, for we know so little of the Egyptian theory of a hereafter, that we cannot understand what part the birds and beasts were to take in the resurrection.

I crawled out as I had crawled in. Before I came out from the chamber of horrors (Mad. Tussaud's is nothing like it), *I laid the wreck* of my brandy flask on a projecting shelf of rock, where the next explorer will find it. The chances are that it will turn up in the British or Prussian Museum, as evidence of the bad habits of the ancient Egyptians, thus proved to be strong in death.

☞ What action was ever so good or so completely done as to be well taken of all hands? It concerns every wise man to settle his heart in a resolved confidence of his just grounds, and, then to go on in a constant course of his well warranted judgment, and practice, with a careless disregard of those fool-bolts, which will be sure to be shot at him, which way so ever he goes—*Milton.*

☞ The following couplet is thrown in to illustrate the fact, that men in dress should adopt that article to the employment followed:—

"He that would increase in riches,
Must not hoe corn in silken breeches."

☞ A country curate was dining with the bishop of his diocese, when he was asked by his host how he liked the wine? "*Bonus vinum*," he replied. "What!" exclaimed all, "bad Latin from a curate." "Yes," replied the curate, "bad Latin for bad wine." Other wine was brought, when the curate smacked his lips and exclaimed—"*Bonum vinum!*"

☞ A gentleman once conversing in the society of a company of ladies, and criticising rather severely the want of personal beauty in other ladies of their acquaintance, remarked, "They are the ugliest women I know;" and then, with extraordinary politeness, added, "present company always excepted."

☞ WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES.—At a meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, M. Elie de Beaumont announced the following novelties:—A method of reproducing animal life; a complete solution of the problem of aerial navigation; a project for a universal language; and the discovery of the cause, nature, and an infallible cure for cholera!

☞ THE CONVERSE OF PICKLING.—A servant maid, who was occupied in pickling her mistress' cabbage, took the opportunity of cabbaging her mistress' pickles, saying it made no difference.

☞ Reason—the broad prerogative which confers on man the exclusive privilege of acting and conversing irrationally.

☞ So quickly sometimes has the wheel turned round, that many a man has lived to enjoy the benefit of that charity which his own piety projected.

☞ By doing good with his money, a man, as it were, stamps the image of God upon it, and makes it pass current for the merchandise of Heaven.

☞ "No man is the wiser for his Learning; it may administer Matter to work in or objects to work upon; but Wit and Wisdom are born with a man."—*Selden.*

☞ An old lady in the country had a dandy from the city to dine with her on a certain occasion. For the dessert there was an enormous apple pie.

"La, ma'm!" said the gentleman, "how do you manage to handle such a pie?"

"Easy enough," was the quiet reply; "we make the crust up in a wheelbarrow, wheel it under an apple tree, and then shake the fruit down into it."

THE GUMPTION OF THE "TIMES."

In the management of newspapers a large field is open for the display of gumption, and the possession of it has been the secret by which a very few have accumulated fortunes while floating on the fickle and uncertain sea of newspaperdom. A quick mind to perceive the necessities of the public, and even to anticipate them, ready gumption which enables a publisher to avoid the commission of errors or to extricate himself speedily from a false position are indispensable. A single error in judgment has proved fatal to some newspapers. An illustration of how gumption is quick at discerning consequences was once related to us. The pressure of advertising was so great upon the columns of the London Times, that the proprietors held a meeting to see what means should be adopted to make it remunerative.—They consulted together, and finally concluded to increase the price charged to domestics for advertising places wanted, which in the Times is the source of a very profitable revenue. They were about taking a vote, when the door opened, and the senior proprietor entered, whose counsel they lacked.

"We have just concluded," said the chairman, "to raise the charges on the small advertising, which will increase our receipts, at a low estimate, some five thousand pounds per annum. Does it meet with your approval?"

"No," replied the veteran, promptly, seeing farther through the millstone than the others. "I am opposed to the change."

"Why so?" they all asked, looking up with astonishment, at one whose views were so different from their own convictions of policy.

"I will tell you," said he. "If we increase the rate of advertising with this class, we tax those who cannot really afford to pay it. They might seek some other medium, and that paper would gain a prominence from their patronage. Now, I propose that we double our prices on railway and commercial advertising, for those engaged in these vocations must come to the London Times at any rate."

The soundness of this view was apparent, and was adopted, and we see how gumption was triumphant, and more gold to fill their coffers was drawn from those who could not afford to lose the circulation of the Times, had the charges been quadrupled.—*Boston Gazette.*

CHARACTERISTICALLY ENGLISH.—A certain English gentleman who was a regular frequenter of the green-room of Drury Lane Theatre in the days of Lord Byron's Committee, and who always stood quietly on the hearthrug there, with his back to the fire, was in his usual place one night when a narrative was related by another gentleman newly returned from the continent, of a barrier-duel that had taken place in Paris. A young Englishman—a mere boy—had been despoiled in a gaming-house in the Palais Royal, had charged a certain gaming Count with cheating him, had gone out with the Count, had wasted his fire, and had been slain by the Count under the frightful circumstances of the Count's walking up to him, laying his hand on his heart, saying, "You are a brave fellow; have you a mother?" and on his replying in the affirmative, remarking coolly, "I am sorry for her," and blowing his victim's brains out. The gentleman on the hearthrug paused in taking a pinch of snuff to hear this story, and observed with great placidity, "I am afraid I must kill that rascal." A few nights elapsed, during which the green-room hearth-rug was without him, and then he re-appeared precisely as before, and only incidentally mentioned in the course of the evening, "Gentlemen—I killed that rascal!" He had gone over to Paris on purpose, had tracked the Count to the same gaming-house, had thrown a glass of wine in his face in the presence of all the company assembled there, had told him that he was come to avenge his young compatriot—and had done it by putting the Count out of this world and coming back to the hearth-rug as if nothing had happened.

CHANGE OF CLIMATE IN CONSUMPTION.—Sir James Clark, of England, has assailed with considerable force the doctrine that a change of climate is beneficial to persons suffering with consumption; and a French physician, M. Carriere, has written forcibly against it. Dr. Burgess, an eminent Scotch physician, also contends that climate has little or nothing to do with the cure of consumption, and that, if it had, the curative effects would be produced through the skin and not the lungs. That a warm climate is not in itself beneficial, he shows from the fact that the disease exists in all latitudes. In India and Africa, tropical climates, it is as frequent as in Europe and North America. At Malta, right in the heart of the genial Mediterranean, the army reports of England show that one-third of the deaths among the soldiers are by consumption. At Nice, a favorite resort of English invalids, especially those afflicted with lung complaints, there are more native-born persons die of consumption than in any English town of equal population. In Geneva, the disease is almost equally prevalent. In Florence, pneumonia is said to be marked by a suffocating character, and by a rapid progress toward its last stage. Naples, whose climate is the theme of so much praise by travellers, shows in her hospitals a mortality by consumption equal to one in two and one-third, whereas in Paris, whose climate is so often pronounced villainous, the proportion is only one in three and one-quarter. In Madeira, no local disease is more common than consumption.

TIMOUR-FASHION'S VICTIMS.—The Paris correspondent of the Boston Traveller says: "The doctors have declared that the present extraordinary invasion of colds, gripes, and peritoneal inflammation (which prove usually fatal) are entirely owing to the bell petticoats, which expose the whole female person, from the waist down to the feet, to the weather. Ladies, after a promenade, return home shivering; the crinoline has given them a chill; and the first thing we hear is that the family undertaker has been sent for. Is it not strange that ladies should never adopt any fashion which is not prejudicial to health? Corsets, thin shoes, microscopic bonnets, and crinoline have murdered as many persons as Timour himself.

☞ LOVERS' LOSSES.—"Nobody ever lost anything by love," said a sage looking person. "That's not true," said a lady, who heard the remark, "for I once lost three nights' sleep."

A LAWYER'S ADVENTURE.

About three or four years ago, more or less, I was practising law in Illinois, in a pretty large circuit. I was called on one day in my office, in the town of C———, by a very pretty woman, who, not without tears, told me her husband had been arrested for horse-stealing. She wished to retain me on the defence. I asked her why she did not go to Judge B———, an ex Senator of the United States, whose office was in the same town. I told her that I was a young man at the bar, &c. She mournfully said that he had asked a retaining fee above her means, and besides did not want to touch the case, for her husband was suspected of belonging to an extensive band of horse-thieves and counterfeiters, whose headquarters were on Moore's prairie.

I asked her to tell me the whole truth of the matter, and if it was true that her husband did belong to such a band?

"Ah, sir," said she, "a better man at heart than my George never lived; but he liked cards and drink, and I am afraid they made him do what he never would have done if he had not drank. I fear that it can be proved that he had the horse; he didn't steal it; another did, and passed it to him."

I didn't like the case. I knew that there was a great dislike to the gang located where she named, and feared to risk the case before a jury. She seemed to observe my intention to refuse the case, and burst into tears.

I never could see a woman weep without feeling like a weak fool myself. I took the case and she gave me the particulars.

The gang, of which he was not a member, had persuaded him to take the horse. He knew the horse was stolen, and like a fool acknowledged it when he was arrested. Worse still—he had trimmed the horse's tail and mane to alter its appearance, and the opposition could prove it.

The trial came on. The prosecution opened very bitterly: inveighed against thieves and counterfeiters, who had made the land a terror to strangers and travellers, and who had robbed every farmer in the region of their finest horses. It introduced witnesses, and proved all and more than I feared it would.

The time came for me to rise for defence. Witnesses I had none. But I determined to make an effort, only hoping so to interest the judge and jury as to secure a recommendation to gubernatorial clemency and a light sentence. So I painted this picture: A young man entered into life, wedded to an angel; beautiful in person, possessing every gentle and noble attribute. Temptation was before and all around him. He kept a tavern. Guests there were many; it was not for him to inquire into their business; they were well-dressed; made large bills and paid promptly. At an unguarded hour, when he was insane with the liquor they urged upon him, he had deviated from the path of rectitude. The demon of alcohol had reigned in his brain; and it was his first offence. Mercy pleaded for another chance to save him from ruin. Justice did not require that his young wife should go down sorrowing to the grave, and that the shadow of disgrace and the taunt of a felon father should cross the path of that sweet child. Earnestly did I plead for them! The woman wept; the husband did the same; the judge fidgeted and rubbed his eyes; the jury looked melting. If I could have had the closing speech he would have been cleared; but the prosecutor had the close, and threw ice on the fire I had kindled. But they did not quite put it out.

The judge charged according to law and evidence, but evidently leaned on the side of mercy. The jury found a verdict of guilty, but unanimously recommended the prisoner to the mercy of the court. My client was sentenced to the shortest imprisonment the court was empowered to give, and both jury and court signed a petition to the Governor for an unconditional pardon, which has since been granted, but not before the following incident occurred:

Some three months after this, I received an account for collection from a wholesale house in New York. The parties to collect from were hard ones, but they had property, and before they had any idea of the trap laid, I had the property, which they were about to assign, before they broke under attachment. Finding I was neck ahead and bound to win, they "caved in" and "forked over" three thousand seven hundred and ninety-four dollars and eighteen cents (per memorandum book) in good money. They lived in Shawneetown, about thirty-five or forty miles southeast of Moore's prairie. I received the funds just after bank opening, but other business detained me till after dinner. I then started for C———, intending to go as far as the village of Mount Vernon that night.

I had gone along ten or twelve miles, when I noticed a splendid team of double horses attached to a light wagon, in which were seated four men, evidently of the high-strung order. They swept past, as if to show how easily they could do it. They shortened in, and allowed me to come up with them, and hailing me, asked me to "wet," or, in other words, diminish the contents of a jug of old rye they had aboard; but I excused myself with the plea that I had plenty on board. They asked me how far I was going? I told them as far as Mount Vernon, if my horse didn't tire out.—They mentioned a pleasant tavern ten or twelve miles ahead, as a good stopping place, and then drove on.

I did not like the looks of those fellows, nor their actions. But I was bound to go ahead. I had a brace of revolvers and a nice knife; my money was not in my valise or my sulky, but in a belt round my body. I drove slow, in hopes that they would go on, and I should see them no more. It was nearly dark when I saw a tavern sign ahead. At the same time I saw their wagon standing before the door. I would have pressed on, but my horse needed rest. I hauled up, and a woman came to the door. She turned as pale as a sheet when she saw me—she did not speak, but with a meaning look she put her finger on her lips, and beckoned me in; she was the wife of my late client.

When I entered, the party recognized me, hailed me as an old travelling friend, and asked me to drink. I respectfully but firmly declined to do so.

"By —, you shall drink or fight?" said the noisiest of the party.

PARTRIDGE-HAWKING IN INDIA.

Hawking is a sport much in vogue in Northern and central India among the nobles and zemindars. In the Madras presidency it is comparatively seldom pursued. Hawks of the best description are not easily procured, and their training is a tedious and difficult process. The engraving represents partridge-hawking with the "Shaheen" (one of the best of the long-winged hawks) as pursued in Southern India. It is black, or nearly so, on the head and back, and dark brown on the breast, and one of the swiftest flyers known. The proper time for the sport is early in the morning, just before and after sunrise. The falconer carries the bird hooded, and with jesses on his legs, on his wrist, which is guarded with a stout leather gauntlet. Beaters are employed to rouse the game. When the call of the partridge is heard, or the bird's whereabouts otherwise discovered, the beaters surround the patch of cover in which it is. The falconer's assistant, with the falcon on his wrist, then stands some 30 or 40 yards distant from him. The falconer holds the lure in his hands, and when he gives the word the assistant unhoods and casts off the bird, which is at once attracted to the falconer by his call and a swing of his lure. It is not allowed to pounce on it, and immediately begins to fly round and round him, gradually towering and widening the circle of its flight. The beaters now begin to beat the bushes to rouse the game. The falcon, perfectly understanding what is to happen, circles above; and the moment the partridge is on the wing stoops at, and almost invariably knocks it down. The partridge, by its low flight, sometimes baffles its enemy, if the next bit of cover is within 200 or 300 yards; but, even with these advantages, it seldom escapes.

"Just as you please; drink I shall not!" said I, purposely showing the butt of a Colt which kicks six times in rapid succession.

The party interposed, and very easily quelled the assailant. One offered me a cigar, which I reluctantly refused, but a glance from the woman induced me to accept. She advanced and proffered me a light, and in doing so slipped a note into my hand, which she must have written a moment before. Never shall I forget the words. They were:

"Beware! they are members of the gang. They mean to rob and murder you! Leave soon; I will detain them!"

I did not feel comfortable just then, but tried to do so.

"Have you any room to put up my horse?" I asked, turning to the woman.

"What—are you not going on to-night?" asked one of the men; "we are."

"No," said I; "I shall stay here to-night."

"We'll all stay, then, I guess, and make a night of it," said another of the cut throats.

"You'll have to put up your own horse—here's a lantern," said the woman.

"I am used to that," I said. "Gentlemen, excuse me a minute; I'll join you in a drink when I come in."

"Good on your head! More whiskey, old gal," shouted they.

I went out, glanced at their wagon; it was old-fashioned, and "linch-pins" secured the wheels. To take out my knife, and pry one from the fore and hind wheels, was but the work of an instant, and I threw them as far off in the darkness as I could. To untie my horse and dash off was the work of a moment. The road lay down a steep hill, but my lantern lighted me somewhat.

I had hardly got under full headway, when I heard a yell from the party I had so unceremoniously left. I put whip to my horse. The next moment, with a shout, they started. I threw my light away, and left my horse to pick his way. A moment later I heard a crash—a horrible shriek. The wheels were off.—Then came the rush of the horses tearing along with the wreck of the wagon. Finally they seemed to fetch up in the wood. One or two shrieks I heard as I swept on, leaving them far behind. For some time I hurried my horse—you'd better believe I "rid!" It was a little after midnight when I got to Mount Vernon.

The next day I heard that a Moore's prairie team had run away, and that two men out of four had been so badly hurt that their lives were despaired of; but I didn't cry. My clients got their money, and I didn't travel that road any more.

Sore Jokes.—The superintendent of the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad discharged a conductor belonging to that road. The conductor was asked why he was discharged.

"Well," said he, "I was discharged for giving a free pass."

"What made you such a fool as to give a free pass?"

"Well! you see!" replied the conductor, "I got tired riding *alone*, and gave a friend of mine a free pass to get him to come along for company."

A collision occurred on one of the roads terminating in the city some time ago. The road in question is celebrated for curvatures. The engineer was thought to be to blame, and accordingly he was taken to task by the superintendent.

"Did you not see the light?" said the superintendent.

"Yes," replied the engineer, "I saw the light, but *I thought it was the other end of my train.*"

☞ Learning makes a man fit company for himself as well as others.

☞ It is not good to live in jest, since we must die in earnest.

SEPARATING THE SEXES IN SCHOOL.

On this point, Mr. Stowe, a celebrated Glasgow teacher, uses the following language:—"The youth of both sexes of our Scottish peasantry have been educated together; and, as a whole, the Scotch are the most moral people on the earth. Education in England is given separately, and we never have heard from practical men that any benefit has arisen from this arrangement. Some influential individuals there mourn over the prejudice on this point. In Dublin, a larger number of girls turned out badly who had been educated alone until they attained the age of maturity, than of those who were otherwise brought up;—the separation of the sexes has thus been found to be injurious. It is stated, on the best authority, that of those girls educated in the schools of convents, apart from boys, the greater majority go wrong within a month after being let loose in society, and meeting the other sex. They cannot, it is said, resist the slightest compliment or flattery. The separation is intended to keep them strictly moral; but this unnatural seclusion actually generates the very principles desired to be avoided. We may repeat that it is impossible to raise the girls as high, intellectually, without boys as with them—and it is impossible to raise boys morally as high without girls. The girls morally elevate the boys, and the boys intellectually elevate the girls. But more than this—girls themselves are morally elevated by the presence of boys, and boys are intellectually elevated by the presence of girls. Girls brought up with boys are more positively moral, and boys brought up in schools with the girls are more positively intellectual, by the softening influence of the female character. In the Normal Seminary at Glasgow, the most beneficial effects have resulted from the more natural course. Boys and girls, from the age of two or three years to that of fourteen or fifteen, have been trained in the same class-room, galleries, and playgrounds, without impropriety; and they are never separated, except at needlework."

The Literal Interpretation.—An old woman who lived near the frontier during the last war with Great Britain, and possessed a marvellous propensity to learn the news, used frequently to make inquiries of the soldiers. On one occasion she called to one of those defenders of our rights whom she had frequently saluted before. "What's the news?" "Why, good woman," said he, "the Indians have fixed a crowbar under Lake Erie, and are going to turn it over and drown the world." "Oh, mercy, what shall I do?" she said; and away she ran to tell her neighbors of the danger, and inquire of the minister how such a calamity might be averted. "Why," said he, "you need not be alarmed—we have our Maker's promise that He will not again destroy the world by water." "I know that," returned the old lady, hastily, "He's nothing to do with it—it's them plaguey Indians."

A Most Palpable Hit.—An anecdote of the Rev. Mr. Field, who lived in Vermont several years ago, contains a good reply:

As the Rev. gentleman went, at a time, to deposit his vote, the officer who received it being a friend and parishioner, but of opposite politics, remarked:

"I am sorry, Mr. Field, to see you here."

"Why?" asked Mr. Field.

"Because," said the officer, "Christ said His kingdom was not of this world."

"Has no one a right to vote," said Mr. Field, "unless he belongs to the kingdom of Satan?"

This at once let in a ray of light to the darkened chambers of the officer's cranium which he had never thought of before.

PUCK AND I.

BY MIST.

When, in my snug corner curled,
I look out upon the world,
With its follies and conceits,
Its deceptions and its cheats,
Surely Puck and I agree—
"Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

Hard the toil for wealth and fame,
Fierce the strife for place and name;
Each one, reaching for the best,
Loses that before possessed;
And might well exclaim with me,
"Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

There goes one, untimely old,
Staggering with his weight of gold—
Ah, the wealth he toiled to save
Only drags him to his grave,
Hedged from love or sympathy—
"Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

Yonder climbs a daring wight
Up ambition's rugged height;
He hath gained a slippery seat,
Wounded hands and bleeding feet,
With his lonely majesty—
"Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

Maidens fling the bloomy crown
Of their gladsome girlhood down,
And around each fair young head
Bind a wreath of briers instead;
Ah, its thorns pierce painfully—
"Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

We are *all* fools!—never one
But some folly doats upon,—
Differing all, but none without—
Even now, I have no doubt
Some would say, observing me—
"Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

—*Portland Transcript.*

Pulverizing Pedantry.—It is pedantic and in bad taste, to be always interlarding your conversation with quotations from the poets, or passages from Shakspeare. It betrays a great want of the power of original thinking, and of genius above mediocrity, not to be able to express yourself except in the borrowed words of others. For example, in speaking of some establishment, or even some private family, where matters have become suspicious, instead of saying there is something wrong, literary pedants and their copyists must say, "there's something rotten in the state of Denmark," a phrase which is repeated in one's hearing to perfect satiety, and even nausea.—At another time, instead of saying they were asleep, they will remark that they were under the somniferous influence of "tired Nature's sweet restorer," or that they were enveloped in the "arms of Morpheus." An old writer has aptly ridiculed this lofty and pedantic style of talk, by telling a story of a gentleman who, on going out on a cold day, said to his "tiger," another absurd phrase for a valet—

"Diminutive and my defective slave,
Reach my corps coverture immediately,
'Tis my complacency that vest to have,
T' concourse my person from frigidity,"

Of course, the servant stood aghast at such a speech, not knowing the meaning of one word of it; until, in a voice of thunder, he roared out: "Rascal, go and fetch my cloak!" We know of no parallel to this absurd style of address, but Dr. Pitcairn's mode of asking for snuff, which was as follows: "Permit me to immerse the summits of my digits in your pulveriferous utensil, that I may abstract therefrom some nicotian particles, in order to excite a grateful titillation in my olfactory nerves."

"There's a Gude Time Coming."—This, the burden of a popular song by Dr. Mackay, recalls the following in *Rob Roy*:

"It is long since we met, Mr. Campbell," said the Duke.

"It is so, my Lord Duke; I could have wished it had been," (looking at the fastenings on his arms) "when I could have better paid the compliments I owe to your Grace. But *there's a gude time coming.*"—*Notes and Queries.*

A SWEET MORSEL TWICE EATEN!

Ten years ago, M. V. married in Montreal. He was one of the principal merchants of the city; but by a reverse of fortune he was compelled to suspend payments soon after his marriage. He loved his wife to distraction, to use a common phrase; and the idea of involving her in his disasters greatly afflicted him. After a thousand internal conflicts, M. V. resolved to leave our city without saying anything about it. He wished his departure, or rather his disappearance to remain a mystery. But he had a purpose. "I will go," he resolved, "to Australia, and there mend my fortunes, or die without giving any account of myself."

This resolution taken, our tradesman embarked clandestinely, and eight days after his flight he was not thought of. Madame V. wept, we are fain to suppose; more than this, we will believe she shed torrents of tears, and sought him upon rivers, and in woods, lakes, and caverns, but in vain. M. V. had left to his beautiful but weeping and forlorn wife an income of a hundred louis, and sailed for Australia. What befell him upon those favored shores we do not well know; but little by little he amassed wealth.

At Montreal they supposed him dead. His wife wept bitterly; and she saw, undoubtedly, that sorrow jaundiced her complexion and dimmed her eyes; therefore she ceased, all sweetly, her *role* of Niobe. Our Penelope could smile like a young widow of eighteen; the art of needlework is too perfect now; are not men entangled with it? She was faithful to her wandering husband eighteen long months; but she then did what others might have done in her place. Thinking herself young, she lent her ear to tender proposals; she reviewed her geography of love, confessed to never having studied the map of the tender country; and one fine morning contracted a new marriage. But the first husband! He?—oh, he was dead. What living husband would stay away eighteen long months without writing a word? If he was not dead he ought to be—(feminine logic.) She married. Was she happy, or was she not? (Shakspearian question.)

Meantime, the first husband labored in the mines. He acquired, acquired—always acquired. Falling upon an auriferous vein, he suddenly obtained a large sum, and had his only motive been the love of gain, would have immediately returned to Montreal. But his dear Louisa must eat only from silver, and drink only from gold.

The unfaithful Louisa, as we have already said, was again married. Faith does not save us; M. V. always labored, but an epidemic prevailed; our hero caught the small-pox, and was completely disfigured. Disgusted with Australia, he sold his property, and embarked on an American ship.

During this voyage, the second husband of his wife died with the consumption. M. V. landed at Portland, flew to Montreal, went to the Montreal House, without arousing any suspicion as to who he was. There are people who always love to create surprise, and he was one of them. He inquired for Madame V.; no one knew such a person; but M. V. insisted. Finally he was told by some one that she was now the widow S——. M. V. scratched his head. They pointed out to him Madame widow V., afterwards Madame widow S., and he recognized his wife, charming as when he left her. M. V. immediately fell into a brown study. His countenance was grave, sad, very sad, very gloomy; and thus he turned away. M. V. had more spirit than money; and he found it very strange to pay his addresses to his own wife. But he did it; he courted his own wife for three months. He recognized her; did she recognize him? It is more than we know; we leave the dames who read this to solve the problem. He was introduced with all his pounds, shillings, and pence. People will admire pounds sterling, and dollars federal, and women above all. Though scarred and pitted from head to foot with the small-pox, M. V. won the heart of his wife. They were to exchange the second marriage rings, when M. V. presented to her the same one he had given her at their first espousal. The woman, they say, fainted.—*French paper.*

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

For ordinary walking costume, dresses of gray carmelite are much worn. Some are made with double skirts, edged with rows of velvet or braid; others have side trimmings, also formed of rows of velvet or braid, with intermediate rows of buttons. The same style of trimming is repeated on the corsage and sleeves. Many morning *negligés* are made of white *pique*. They are chiefly for ladies who are preparing to depart for the country or the sea-side. Some few of these morning dresses have been made of nankin, which is now beginning to recover some of the favor it formerly enjoyed in ladies' and children's costume. These morning *negliges* of nankin have the skirts ornamented with side trimmings composed of cotton braid, either white or colored. The jacket corsages of these dresses are made with very deep basquines, and at each side there is a small pocket. The sleeves, in the pagoda form, are very wide at the ends. A morning *negligé* of white *pique* admits of a more elaborate and *recherché* style of trimming, in which braid and fringe may be conjointly introduced.—*London Lady's Paper, June 27th.*

The Farmers in China.—The farmers in China, as a class, are highly respectable, but, as their farms are all small, they are probably less wealthy than our farmers. Each farm-house is a little colony, consisting of some three generations, namely, the grandfather, his children, and his children's children. There they live in peace and harmony together; all who are able to work on the farm, and if more labor is required, the stranger is hired to assist them. They live well, dress plainly, and are industrious, without being in any way oppressed. I doubt if there is a happier race anywhere than the Chinese farmer and peasantry. Here the female members of the family have much more liberty than those of a higher rank. They have small feet as usual, but they are not so confined to the house, or prevented from looking on and speaking to strangers, as the higher classes are. —*R. Fortune's China and the Chinese.*

THE POETRY OF THE SPRING.

At this time the declining sun flamed goldenly in the west. It was a glorious hour. The air fell upon the heart like balm; the sky, gold and vermillion-flecked, hung, a celestial tent, above mortal man; and the fancy-quickened ear heard sweet, low music from the heart of earth, rejoicing in that time of gladness.

"Did ever God walk the earth in finer weather?" said the Hermit. "And how gloriously the earth manifests the grandeur of the Presence! How its blood dances and glows in the Splendor! It courses the trunks of trees, and is red and golden in their blossoms. It sparkles in the myriad flowers, consuming itself in sweetness. Every little earth-blossom is an altar, burning incense. The heart of man, creating in its overflowing happiness, finds or makes a fellowship in all things. The birds have passing kindred with his winged thoughts. He hears a stranger, sweeter triumph in the akicy rapture of the lark, and the cuckoo—constant egotist!—speaks to him from the deep, distant wood, with a strange swooning sound. All things living are a part of him. In all, he sees and hears a new and deep significance. In that green pyramid, row above row, what a host of flowers! How beautiful and how rejoicing? What a sullen, soulless thing, the Great Pyramid, to that blossoming chestnut! How different the work and workmen! A torrid monument of human wrong, haunted by flights of ghosts that not ten thousand years can lay—a pulseless carcass built of sweat and blood to garner rottenness. And that Pyramid of leaves grew in its strength, like silent goodness, heaven blessing it; and every year it smiles, and every year it talks to fading generations. What a congregation of spirits—spirits of the season!—it gathered, circle above circle, in its blossoms; and verily they speak to man with blither voice, than all the tongues of Egypt. And at this delicious season, man listens and makes answers to them; alike to them and all: to the topmost blossom of the mighty tree as to the greensward daisy, constant flower, with innocent and open look still frankly staring at the mid-day sun."

"Evenings such as this," continued the Hermit, after a pause, "seem to me the very holiday time of death; an hour in which the slayer, throned in glory, smiles benevolently down on man. Here, on earth, he gets hard names among us for the unseemliness of his looks, and the cruelty of his doings; but in an hour like this, death seems to me loving and radiant—a great bounty, spreading an immortal feast, and showing the glad dwelling-place he leads men to. It would be great happiness could we always think so. For so considered, death is indeed a solemn beneficence—a smiling liberator, turning a dungeon-door upon immortal day."—*Douglas Jerrold's "Chronicles of Clovernook."*

DISCOMFITING A JOKER.

Doctor T——— was considerably advanced in years and very deaf. An old college chum-acquaintance had, for many years, made a convenient point of visiting the doctor, or rather a visitation of a few weeks to the doctor's hospitable mansion, where he had always found a hearty welcome; although, being of a leaky sort, he was not the best suited for a sober man's companion; but the doctor's good nature overlooked what he did not wish to have seen in his old chum. This gentleman arriving at the doctor's on an evening when he had company, with many of whom he was acquainted, was in such high spirits from the circling glass, in addition to what he had gathered on his journey, that he could not refrain an attempt to be witty and pass a joke at his old friend's expense.

The doctor was engaged with some ladies at a card table, while the gentlemen were regaling with the bottle. The visitor hinted his intention, and was advised against it, but persevering, he moved to the back of his friend's chair, and raising his voice loud enough for the doctor to hear, he inquired if his old favorite black-eyed Betty (who made the doctor's bed while at college) was alive and well. The doctor would not hear, and continued the game with the greatest composure; but the ladies could not forbear tittering and laughing, which encouraged his visitor to repeat his inquiry a little louder. The doctor rising deliberately from his chair, said he was very sorry his chum could not make it more agreeable to stay longer, but he would order the servant to bring out his horse immediately; and taking up his silver bell from the table, he rang until his housekeeper appeared, to whom he gave directions about his chum's horse being ordered out. As soon as the noise of the bell would permit, the visitor wished to explain, saying his friend misunderstood him, nothing in the world being farther from his thoughts than being in a hurry to go away, as he had come purposely to stay a week or two with him as usual.

The doctor, however, still turned a deaf ear, begged his friend to make no apology about making so short a visit, and again set his bell to work for his servant to bring the gentleman's great-coat, as he was in a hurry. At every interval of ringing the bell, and giving orders to hasten bringing the horse out, the visitor attempted an explanation; but the doctor, with composed, pleasant countenance, (while the whole company besides were ready to burst with their convulsions to refrain from laughter,) as often repeated his request that his friend would not make so many apologies about his stay, fairly hurried him out of the house, saw him mounted, wished him a good night, and assured his chum, that when he could make it more agreeable to stay longer, he should be glad to see him again.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Death of a Soldier.—The late Sir Charles Napier expired like a soldier, on a naked camp bedstead, the windows of the room open, and the fresh air of heaven blowing on his face. Surrounded by the family, and some of his brothers, he died. All his grieving servants were present, and at his feet stood two veterans of his regiment, gazing with emotion at a countenance, then settling in death, which they had first seen beaming in the light of battle! Easy was the actual dissolution, however, and as the last breath escaped, Montague McMurdo, with a sudden inspiration, snatched the old colors of the 22d Regiment, the colors that had been borne at Meeanee and Hydrabad, and waved them over the dying man.

THE MILKING.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

She sat amid the clover blooms—
And oh! the milking maid was fair—
The jet-black heifer's shining sides
Were not so shiny as her hair.

The living roses on her cheeks
Glow'd thro' her loose locks' heavy night,
And, like twin stars lost in a storm,
Her dark eyes flashed to meet the light.

Most musically the dainty milk
Through rosy, clasping fingers fell,
And from her happy heart her joy
Rang heavenward, like a silver bell.

While from the shining fields of May,
The sweet birds, floating, shook the dew
From throbbing wings, and wildly beat
With song the starry-gated blue.

Half pictured in her bashful air—
Half uttered in her simple lay—
Love's sweet unrest, that makes the woods
Seem heavy with the winds of May.

When all the hills are bleak, showed plain;
And every blossom growing by,
With crimson bosom to the sun,
Found on her cheek a swift reply.

Past the wild spring. Above the woods
The filling moon hangs low and white,
And down the fading meadows drift
The windy shadows of the night.

Her weary hands together laid—
For now the milking is all done!
The lovely promise of her life
Far in the distance lies unwon.

And birds from out the shining fields
Shall singing go to meet the dawn;
While low and still the maiden lies
With death's white crown of silence on.

Low, where a bird-song cannot reach,
The shadow of her beauty waits
The angel, who, to save from pain,
Unbarred for her the starry gates.

She dwelleth by the living streams;
For her the amaranth splendors glow,
Where o'er the golden hills of God
The never-ending summers blow!

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE of the WAR WITH MEXICO

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

THE LAST HOURS ON THE TRAIL.

More cautiously than ever, we now crept along the trail, advancing only after the ground had been thoroughly "quartered" by the scouts. Time was of the least consequence. The fresh sign of the Indians told us they were but a short way ahead of us; we could have ridden within sight of them at any moment.

We did not wish to set eyes on them before sunset. It could be no advantage to us to overtake them on the march, but the contrary. Some lagging Indian might be found in the rear of the band; we might come in contact with him, and thus defeat all our designs.

We hung back, therefore, allowing time for the savages to pitch their camp, and for their stragglers to get into it.

On the other hand, I did not desire to arrive later. The council was to be held that night—so she had learned—and after the council would come the crisis. I must be in time for both.

At what hour would the council take place? It might be just after they had halted. The son of a chief, and a chief himself—for the white renegade was a leader of red men—a question between two such men would not remain long undecided. And a question of so much importance—involving such consequence—property in body and soul—possession of the most beautiful woman in the world!

For this very reason, the "trial" would not be delayed; the question would be speedily decided, so that the quarrel of the chiefs might be brought to an end. For this very reason, the crisis might be hastened, the council take place at an early hour; for this very reason, I, too, must needs be upon the spot at an early hour.

It was my aim to arrive within sight of the Indian encampment just before night—in the twilight, if possible—that we might be able to make reconnoissance of the ground before darkness would cover it from our view. We were desirous of acquainting ourselves with the lay of the surrounding country as well, so that, in the event of our escape, we should know which was the best direction to take.

We timed our advance by the sign upon the trail. The keen scouts could tell, almost to a minute, when the latest tracks were made; and this we were guided. Both glided silently along, their eyes constantly and earnestly turned upon the ground.

Mine were more anxiously bent upon the sky; from that quarter I most feared an obstacle to the execution of my purpose. What a change had come over my desires!—how different were they from those of the two preceding nights! The very same aspect of the heavens that had hitherto chagrined and baffled me, would now have been welcome. In my heart, I had lately execrated the clouds; in that same heart I was now praying for cloud, and storm, and darkness!

Now could I have blessed the clouds—there were none to bless; not a speck appeared over whole face of the firmament—the eye beheld only the illimitable ether.

In another hour, that boundless blue would be studded with millions of bright stars; and, illumined by the light of a resplendent moon—the night would be as day.

I was dismayed at the prospect. I prayed for cloud, and storm, and darkness. Human heart! when blinded by its own petty passions, unreasoning and unreasonable; my petition was opposed to the unalterable laws of nature—it could not be heard.

I can scarcely describe how the aspect of that bright sky troubled and pained me. The night which joys only in deepest darkness, could not have liked it less. Should there be moonlight, the enterprize would be made more perilous—doubly more. Should there be moonlight—why need I form an hypothesis? Moonlight there would be to a certainty. It was the middle of the lunar month, and the moon would rise up almost as the sun went down—full, round, and almost as bright as he, with no cloud to cover her face—to shroud the earth from her white diaphanous light. Certainly there would be moonlight!

Well thought of was that disguise—well spent was our labor in making it so perfect. Under the moonlight, to it only could I trust; by it only might I expect to preserve my incognito.

But the eye of the Indian savage is sharp, and his perception keen—almost as instinct itself. I could not rely much upon my borrowed plumes should speech be required from me. Just on account of the cunning imitation, the perfectness of the pattern, some friends of the original might have business with me—might approach and address me. I knew but a few words of Comanche—how should I escape from the colloquy?

Such thoughts were troubling me as we rode along the trail.

Night was near; the sun's lower limb rested on the far horizon of the west; the hour was an anxious one to me.

The scouts had been for some time in the advance without returning to report; and we had halted in a copse to wait for them. A high hill was before us, wooded only at the summit; over this hill the war-trail led. We had observed the scouts go into the timber. We kept our eyes upon the spot, waiting for their return.

Presently one of them appeared just outside the edge of the wood—Garey, we saw it was. He made signs to us to come on.

We rode up the hill, and entered among the trees; here we diverged from the trail. The scout guided us through the trunks over the high summit. On the other side, the wood extended only a little below; but we did not ride beyond it; we halted before coming to its edge, and dismounting, tied our horses to the trees.

We crept forward on our hands and knees till we had reached the utmost verge of the timber; through the leaves we peered, looking down into the plain beyond. We saw smoke and fires, and a skin-lodge in their midst; we saw dark forms around—men moving over the ground, and horses with their heads to the grass; we were looking upon the Comanche camp.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

THE COMANCHE CAMP.

We had reached our ground just at the moment I had desired. It was twilight—dark enough to render ourselves inconspicuous under the additional shadow of the trees, yet sufficiently clear to allow a full reconnoissance of the enemy's position. Our point of view was a good one—under a single *coup d'œil* commanding the encampment, and a vast extent of country around it. The hill we had climbed—a sort of isolated *butte*—was the only eminence of any considerable elevation for miles around; and the site of the camp was upon the plain that stretched away from its base—apparently beyond limit.

This plain was what is termed a "pecan" prairie—that is, a prairie half-covered with groves, copses, and lists of woodland—in which the predominating tree is the pecan—a species of hickory (*carya olivæformis*), bearing an oval, edible nut of commercial value. Between the groves and *mottes* of timber, single trees stood apart, their heads fully developed by the free play given to their branches. These park-looking trees, with the coppice-like groves of the pecan, lent an air of high civilization to the landscape; and a winding stream, whose water, under the still lingering rays, glistened with the sheen of silver, added to the deception. Withal, it was a wilderness—a beautiful wilderness. Human hands had never planted those groves—human agency had nought to do with the formation or adornment of that lovely landscape.

Upon the bank of the stream, and about half a mile from the base of the hill, stood the Indian camp. A glance at the position showed how well it had been chosen—not so much for defence, as to protect it against a surprise.

Assuming the lodge—there was but one—as the centre of the camp, it was placed upon the edge of a small grove, and fronting the stream. From the tent to the water's edge, the plain sloped gently downward, like the glacis of a fortification. The smooth sward that covered the space between the trees and the water was the ground of the camp. On this could be seen the dusky warriors, some afoot, standing in various attitudes, or moving about; others reclining upon the grass, and still others bending over the fires, as if engaged in the preparation of their evening meal.

A line of spears, regularly placed, marked the allotment of each. These slender shafts, nearly five yards in length, rose tall above the turf, like masts of distant ships, displaying their profusion of pennons and bannerets, of painted plumes and human hair. At the base of each could be seen the gaudy shield, the bow and quiver, the embroidered pouch and medicine-bag of the owner; and grouped around many of them appeared objects of a far different character—objects that we could not contemplate without acute emotion. They were women; enough of light still ruled the sky to show us their faces; they were white women—the captives. Strange were my sensations as I regarded those forms and faces; but they were far off—even a lover's eye was unequal to the distance.

Flanking the camp on right and left were the horses. They occupied a broad belt of ground, for they were staked out to feed, and each was allowed the length of his lazo. Their line converged to the rear, and met behind the grove, so that the camp was embraced by an arc of browsing animals, the river forming its chord. Across the stream, the encampment did not extend.

ENTERING THE INDIAN CAMP UNDER COVER.

I have said that the spot was well selected to guard against a surprise. Its peculiar adaptability consisted in the fact, that the little grove that backed the camp was the only timber within a radius of a thousand yards. All around, and even on the opposite side of the stream, the plain was treeless and free from cover of any kind. There were no inequalities of ground, neither "brake, bush, nor scaur" to shelter the approach of an enemy.

Had this position been chosen, or was it accidental? In such a place and at such a time, it was not likely they had any fear of a surprise; but with the Indian, caution is so habitually exercised, that it becomes almost an instinct; and doubtless under such an impulse, and without any forethought whatever, the savages had aptly fixed upon the spot where they were encamped. The grove gave them wood; the stream, water; the plain, pabulum for their horses. With one of these last for their own food, they had all the requisites of an Indian camp.

At the first glance, I saw the strength of their position—not so much with the eye of a soldier, as with that of a hunter and bush-fighter did I perceive it. In a military sense, it offered no point of defence; but it could not be approached by stratagem, and that is all the horse-Indian ever fears. Alarm him, not too suddenly, give him five minutes' warning, and he cannot be attacked. If superior in strength, you may chase him, but you must be better mounted than he to bring him to close combat. Retreat, not defence, is generally the leading idea of Comanche strategy, unless when opposed to a Mexican foe. Then he will stand fight with the courage of a master.

As I continued to gaze at the Indian encampment, my heart sank within me. Except under cover of a dark night, a very dark night, it could not be entered. The keenest spy could not have approached it; it appeared unapproachable.

The same thought must at that moment have occupied the minds of my companions; I saw the gloom of disappointment on the brows of all, silent and sullen. None of them said a word; they had not spoken since we came upon the ground.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

NO COVER.

In silence I continued to scrutinize the camp, but could discover no mode of approaching it secretly or in safety.

As I have said, the adjacent plain, for nearly a thousand yards' radius, was a smooth grass-covered prairie. Even the grass was short; it would scarcely have sheltered the smallest game, much less afford cover for the body of a man—much less for that of a horse.

I should willingly have crawled on hands and knees over the half-mile that separated us from the encampment; but that would have been of no service; I might just as well have walked erect. Erect or prostrate, I should be seen all the same by the occupants of the camp, or the guards of the horses. Even if I succeeded in effecting an entrance within the lines, what then? Even should I succeed in finding Isolina, what hope was there of our getting off?

There was no probability of our being able to leave the lines unseen—not the least. We should certainly be pursued, and what chance for us to escape? It was not probable we could run for a thousand yards with the hue and cry after us? No; we should be overtaken, recaptured, speared or tomahawked upon the spot!

The design I had formed was to bring my horse as close as possible to the Indian lines; to leave him under cover, within such a distance as would make it possible to reach him by a run; then mounting with my betrothed in my arms, to gallop to my comrades. These I had intended should be placed in ambush, as near to the camp as the nature of the ground would permit.

But my preconceived plan was entirely frustrated by the peculiar situation of the Indian encampment. I had anticipated that there would be either trees, brushwood, or broken ground in its neighborhood, under shelter of which we might approach. To my chagrin, there was none of the three. There was no timber nearer than the grove in which we were lying—the copse excepted—and to have reached this would have been to enter the camp itself.

We appeared to have advanced to the utmost limit possible that afforded cover. A few feet further would have carried us outside the margin of the timber; and then we should have been as conspicuous to the denizens of the camp, as they now were to us. Forward we dared not stir—not a step further.

I was puzzled and perplexed. Once more I turned my eyes upon the sky, but I drew not thence a ray of hope; the heavens were too bright; the sun had gone down in the west; but in the east was rising, full, round, and red, almost his counterpart. How I should have welcomed an eclipse! I thought of omnipotent power; I thought of the command of the Israelitish captain. I should have joyed to see the shadow of the opaque earth pass over that shining orb, and rob it of its borrowed light, if only for a single hour!

Eclipse or cloud there was none—no prospect of one or other—no hope either from the earth or the sky.

Verily, then, must I abandon my design, and adopt some other for the rescue of my betrothed? What other? I could think of none: there was no other that might be termed a plan. We might gallop forward, and openly attack the camp? Sheer desperation alone could impel to such a course, and the result would be ruin to all—to her among the rest.—We could not hope to rescue her—nine to a hundred—for we saw and could now count our dusky foemen. They would see us afar off; would be prepared to hurl their masses upon us—to destroy us altogether. Sheer desperation!

What other plan? Something of one occurred to me at that moment: a slight shadow of it had crossed my mind before. It seemed practicable, though fearfully perilous; but what of peril? It was not the time, nor was I in the mood, to regard danger. Anything short of the prospect of certain death had no terror for me then; and even this I should have preferred to failure.

We had along with us the horse of the captive Comanche. Stanfield had brought the animal, having left his own in exchange. My new design was to mount the Indian horse, and ride him into the camp. In this consisted the whole of my newly conceived scheme.

Surely the idea was a good one—a slight alteration of my original plan. I had already undertaken to play the *rôle* of an Indian warrior, while within the camp; it would only require me to begin the personation outside the lines, and make my *entree* along with my *debut*. There would be more dramatic appropriateness, with a proportionate increase of danger. But I did not jest thus; I had no thought of merriment at the time. The travesty I had undertaken was no burlesque.

The worst feature of this new scheme was the increased risk of being brought in contact with the friends of this warrior of the red hand, of being accosted by them, and of course expected to make reply. How could I avoid meeting them—one or more of them? If interrogated, how shun making answer? I knew a few words of the Comanche tongue, but not enough to hold a conversation in it. Either my false accent or my voice would betray me! True, I might answer in Spanish. Many of the Comanches speak this language; but my using it would appear a suspicious circumstance.

There was another source of apprehension—I could not confide in the Indian horse. He had endeavored to fling Stanfield all along the way—kicking violently, and biting at his rider while seated upon his back. Should he behave in a similar manner with me while entering the camp, it would certainly attract the attention of the Indians. It would lead to scrutiny and suspicion.

Still another fear: even should I succeed in the main points—in entering the camp, finding the captive, and wresting her from the hands of her jailors—how after? I could never depend upon this capricious mustang to carry us clear of the pursuit—there would be others as swift, perhaps swifter than he, and we should only be carried back to die. Oh! that I could have taken my own steed near to the line on yonder guard—oh! that I could have hidden him there!

It might not be; I saw that it could not be; and I was forced to abandon all thought of it.

I had well nigh made up my mind to risk all the chances of my assumed character, by mounting the Indian horse. To my comrades I imparted the idea, and asked their counsel.

All regarded it as fraught with danger; one or two advised me against it. They were those who did not understand my motives—who could not comprehend the sentiment of love—who knew not the strength and courage which that noble passion may impart. Little understood they how its emotions inspire to deeds of daring—how love absorbs all selfishness—even life becoming a secondary consideration, when weighed against the happiness or safety of its object. These rude men had never loved as I. I gave no ear to their too prudent counsels.

Others acknowledged the danger, but saw not how I could act differently. One or two had in their lives' course experienced a touch of tender feeling akin to mine. These could appreciate; and counselled me in consonance with my half-formed resolution. I liked their counsel best.

One had not yet spoken—one upon whose advice I placed a higher value than upon the combined wisdom of all the others. I had not yet taken the opinion of the earless trapper.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII

RUBE CONSULTING HIS ORACLE.

He was standing apart from the rest—leaning, I should rather say, for his body was not erect, but diagonal. In this attitude it was propped by his rifle, the butt of which was steadied against the stump of a tree, whilst the muzzle appeared to rest upon the bridge of Rube's own nose.

As the man and the piece were about of a length, the two thus placed in juxtaposition presented the exact figure of an inverted V, and the small, close-capped skull of the trapper formed a sufficiently tapering apex to the angle. Both his hands were clasped round the barrel, near its muzzle, his fingers interlocking, while the thumbs lay flat—one upon each side of his nose.

At first glance, it was difficult to tell whether he was gazing into the barrel of the piece, or beyond it, upon the Indian camp.

The attitude was not new to him nor to me. It was not the first time I had observed him in a posture precisely similar. I knew it was his favorite *pose*, when any question of unusual difficulty required all the energy of his "instincts." He was now, as often of yore, consulting his "divinity," presumed to dwell far down within the dark tube of "Targuts."

After a time, all the others ceased to speak, and stood watching him. They knew that no step would be taken before Rube's advice had been received; and they waited with more or less patience for him to speak.

Full ten minutes passed, and still the old trapper neither stirred nor spoke. Nor lip nor muscle of him was seen to move; the eyes alone could be detected in motion, and these small orbs scintillating in their deep sockets, were the only signs of life which he showed. Standing rigid and still, he appeared, not a statue, but a scarecrow, propped up by a stick; and the long, brown, weather-washed rifle did not belie the resemblance. Full ten minutes passed, and still he spoke not; his "oracle" had not yet yielded its response.

I have said that at the first glance it was difficult to tell whether the old man was gazing into the barrel of his gun or beyond it. After watching him closely, I saw he was doing both. Now his eyes were a little raised, as if he looked upon the plain—anon they were lowered, and evidently peering into the tube. He was drawing the data of his problem from facts—he was trusting to his divinity for the solution.

For a long time he kept up this singular process of conjuration—alternating his glances in equal distribution between the hollow cylinder and the small circle of vision that covered the Indian camp.

The others began to grow impatient; all were interested in the result, and not without reason. Standing upon the limits of a life-danger, it is not strange they should feel anxiety about the issue.

Thus far, however, none had offered to interrupt or question the queer old man. None dared. One or two of the party had already had a taste of his quality when fretted or interfered with, and no one desired to draw upon himself the sharp "talk" of the earless trapper.

Garey at length approached, but not until Rube, with a triumphant toss of his head and a scarcely audible "wheep" from his thin lips, showed signs that the consultation had ended, and that the "joss" who dwelt at the bottom of the rifle-barrel had vouchsafed an answer!

I had watched him with the rest. I liked that expressive hitch of the head; I liked the low, but momentous sibilation that terminated the *seance* between him and his familiar spirit. They were signs that the knot was unravelled—that the old trapper had devised some feasible plan by which the Indian camp might be entered.

Garey and I drew near, but not to question him; we understood him too well for that. We knew that he must be left free to develope his purpose in his own time; and we left him free—simply placing ourselves by his side.

"Wal, Billee!" he said, after drawing a long breath, "an yourself, young fellur! whet do 'ee both think o' this hyur bizness; looks ugly, don't it—eh, boyees?"

"'Tarnal ugly," was Garey's laconic answer.

"Thort so meself at fust."

"Thur ain't no plan o' gettin into thar camp," said the young trapper, in a desponding tone.

"The doose thur ain't! What greenhorn put thet idee inter yur brain-pan, Bill?"

"Wal, thur are a plan; but 'tain't much o' a one; we've been talkin it over hyar."

"Le's hear it," rejoined Rube, with an exulting chuckle—"le's hev it, boyees! an quick, Bill, fur time's dodrotted preecious 'bout now. Wal?"

"It's jest this, Rube, neither less nor more; the capt'n proposes to take the Injun's hoss, and ride straight into thar camp."

"Straight custrut in, do'ee?"

"Ov coorse; it 'ud be no use goin about the bush; they kin see him acomin from ony side."

"I'll be durned ef they kin—thet I'll be durned. Wagh! they cudn't 'a see me—thet they cudn't, ef ivery niggur o' 'em hed the eyes o' an Argoose—thet they cudn't, Billee."

"How?" I inquired. "Do you mean to say that it is possible for any one to approach yonder camp without being observed? Is that what you mean, Rube?"

"That ur preezactly whet I mean, young fellur. No—not adzactly thet cyther. One o' you I didn't say; whet I sayed wur, that this hyur trapper, Rube Rawlins o' the Rocky Mountains, kud slide inter yander campmint jest like greased lightnin through a gooseberry-bush, 'ithout e'er an Injun seein 'im; an thet, too, ef the red-skinned vamints hed more eyes in thur heads than they hev lice; which, according to this child's reck'nin, 'nd guv ivery squaw's son o' the gang as many peepers as thur ur spots in a peecock's tail, an a wheen over to breed, I kalkerlate. No plan to git inter thur camp 'ithout bein seed! Wagh! yur gettin green, Bill Garey!"

"How can it be accomplished, Rube? Pray, explain! You know how impatient—"

"Don't git unpayshint, young fellur! thet ur's no use whetsomdiver. Yu'll need payshinse, and a good grist o' thet ur, afore ye kin warm yur shins at yander fires; but 'ee kin do it, and in the nick o' time too, ef yu'll go preezactly accordin to whet ole Rube tells ye, an keep yur eye well skinned an your teeth from chatterin; I knows yu'll do all thet. I knows yur weasel to the back o' yur neck, an kin whip yur weight in wild cat any day i' the year. Now? D' yur agree to follow my direckshuns?"

"I promise faithfully to act according to your advice."

"Thet ur sensible sayed—durnation'd sensible. Wal, then, I'll gi' ye my device."

As Rube said this, he moved forward to the edge of the timber, making a sign for Garey and myself to follow.

On reaching its outer edge, but still within cover, he dropped down upon his knees, behind some evergreen bushes.

I imitated his example, and knelt upon his right, while Garey crouched down on the left.

Our eyes were directed upon the Indian camp, of which, and the plain around it, we had a good view—as good as could be obtained under the light of a brilliant moon.

After we had surveyed the scene for some moments in silence, the old trapper condescended to begin the conversation.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

THE TRAPPER'S COUNSEL.

"Now, Bill Garey, an you, young fellur, jest clap yur eyes on thet 'ere campmint, an see ef thur ain't a road leadin inter the very middle o' it, strait as the tail o' a skeeart fox. 'Ee see it?"

"Not under kiver?" replied Garey interrogatively.

"Unner kiver—ivery step o' the way—the best o' kiver."

Garey and I once more scrutinized the whole circumference of the encampment, and the ground adjacent. We could perceive no cover by which the camp could be approached. Surely there was none.

What could Rube mean? Were there clouds in the sky? Had he perceived some portent of coming darkness? Had his words reference to this?

I raised my eyes, and swept the whole canopy with inquiring glances. Up to the zenith, around the horizon—east, west, north, and south—I looked for clouds, but looked in vain. A few light cirrhi floated high in the atmosphere; but these, even when crossing the moon's disk, cast no perceptible shadow. On the contrary, they were tokens of settled weather; and moving slowly, almost fixed upon the face of the heavens, were evidence that no sudden change might be expected. When the trapper talked of entering the camp under cover, he could not have meant under cover of darkness. What then?

"Don't see ony kiver, old hoss," rejoined Garey, after a pause; "neyther bush nor weed."

"Bush!" echoed Rube—"weed! who's talkin 'bout weeds an bushes? Thur's other ways o' hidin yur karkidge 'sides stickin it in a bush or unner a weed. Yur a gettin durnation'd pumpkin-headed, Bill Garey. I gin to think yur in the same purdicament as the young fellur hisself. Yu've been a humbuggin wi' one o' them ur Mexikin moochachers."

"No, Rube, no."

"Durn me, ef I don't b'lieve you hev, boy. I heern ye tell one o' 'em—"

"What?"

"Wagh! ye know well enuf. Didn't 'ee tell one o' 'eu gurls at the rancherie thet ye loved her as hard as a mule kud kick—sartinly ye did; them wur yur preezact words, Billee."

"I was only jokin, hoss."

"Putty jokin thet ur 'll be when I gits back to Bent's Fort, an tell yur Coco squaw. He, he, he—ho, ho, boo! Geehosophat! thur *will* be a rumpus."

"Nonsense, Rube; thar's nothin ov it."

"Thur must 'a be; yur brain-pan's out o' order, Bill; ye hain't hed a clur idee for days back. Bushes! an weeds too! Wagh! who sayed thur wur bushes? Whur's yur eyes? d' yur see a *bank*?"

"A bank!" echoed Garey and I simultaneously.

"Ye'es," drawled Rube, "a bank. I guess thur's a bank, right afore yur noses, ef both o' yur ain't as blind as the kittlins o' a 'possum. Now, do 'ee see it?

Neither of us made reply to the final interrogatory. For the first time, we began to comprehend Rube's meaning; and our eyes as well as thoughts were suddenly directed upon the object indicated by his words—the bank of the stream—for to that he referred.

I have stated that the little river ran close to the Indian lines, and on one side formed the boundary of the camp. We could tell that the current was towards us; for the stream, on reaching the hill upon which we were, turned sharply off, and swept round its base. The Indian camp was on the left bank, though upon its right when viewed up-stream, as we were regarding it. Any one proceeding up the left bank must therefore necessarily pass within the lines, and through among the horses that were staked nearest to the water.

It need not be supposed that under our keen scrutiny the stream had hitherto escaped observation; I myself had long ago thought of it as a means of covering my approach. Time after time had my eyes dwelt upon it, but without result. In its channel I could perceive no shelter from observation. Its banks were low, and without either rush or bush upon

them. The green turf of the prairie stretched up to the very brink, and scarcely twelve inches below its level was the surface of the current. This was especially the case along the front of the encampment, and for some distance above and below.

Any one endeavoring to enter the camp by stealing up the channel, must have gone completely under the water, for even a swimmer could have been observed upon its surface; or even if a man could have approached in this way, there was no hope that a horse could be taken near; and without the horse, what prospect of ultimate escape?

It had seemed to me impossible. More than once had I taken into consideration, and as often rejected the idea.

Not so Rube. It was the very scheme he had conceived, and he now proceeded to point out its practicability.

"Now, then—ees see a bank, do 'ee?"

"'Tain't much o' a bank," replied Garey, rather discouragingly.

"No; 'tain't as high as Marsoora bluffs, nor the kenyons o' Snake River—thet nob'dy dernies; but ef 'tain't as high as it mont be, it ur ivery minnit a gittin higher, I reck'n."

"Getting higher, you say?"

"Ye-es; or whet ur putty consid'able the same thing, the t'other ur a gittin lower."

"The water, you mean?"

"The water ur a fallin—gwine down by inches at a jump; an in a hour from this, thur'll be bluffs afront o' the camp helf a yurd high—thet's whet thur'll be."

"And you think I could get into the camp by creeping under them?"

"Sure o't. Whet's to hinner ye? it ur easy as fallin off a log."

"But the horse—how could I bring him near?"

"Jest the same way as yurself. I tell yur the bed o' thet river ur deep enuf to hide the biggest hoss in creeashun. 'Tur now full, for the reezun thur's been a fresh't in consykwince o' last night's rain: 'ee needn't mind thet—the hoss kin wade or swim eyther, an the bank'll kiver 'im from the eyes o' the Injuns. You kin leave 'im in the river."

"In the water?"

"In coorse—yur hoss'll stan thur; an ef he don't, you kin tie his nose to the bank. You kin take 'im as near as you please; but don't go too far to wind'ard, else them mustangs 'll smell 'im, an then it ur all up both wi' yurself an yur hoss. About two hunred yurds ull be yur likeliest distence. Ef you git the gurl clur, ye kin easy run thet, I reck'n; put straight for the hoss; an whun yur mounted, gallip like durnation up hyur for the timmer, whur we'll be cached; an then, durn 'em! ef the red-skins don't git goss out o' our rifles. Wagh! thet's the way to do the thing—if ur."

Certainly, the plan appeared practicable enough. The sinking of the water was a new element; it had escaped my observation, though Rube had noted it. It was this that had delayed him so long in giving his opinion; he had been watching it while leaning upon his rifle, though none of the rest of us had thought of such a thing. He remembered the heavy rain of the night before; he saw that it had caused a freshet in the little river, that its subsidence had begun; and, as in most prairie-streams, it was progressing with rapidity. His keen eye had detected a fall of several inches during the half hour we had been upon the ground. I could myself observe, now that it was pointed out to me, that the banks were *higher* than before.

Certainly, the plan of approaching by the stream had assumed a more feasible aspect. If the channel should prove deep enough, I might get the horse sufficiently near: the rest would have to be left to stratagem and chance.

"Yur ridin in the Injun hoss," said Rube, "nd niver do: it mout, on the wust pinch; an ef ee don't git in the t'other way, yur kin still try it; but ye kud niver git acrosst through the cavayard; 'em mustangs 'ud be sure to make sich a snortin an stompin, an whigherin, as 'nd bring the hul campmint about ye; and some o' the sharp-eyed niggurs 'nd be sartint to find out yur hide wur white. T'other way ur fur the safest—it ur."

I was not long in making up my mind. Rube's counsel at once decided me, and I resolved to act accordingly.

CHAPTER XC.

TAKING TO THE WATER.

I spent but little time in preparations; these had been made already. It remained only to tighten my saddle-girth, look to the caps of my revolvers, and place both pistols and knife in the belt behind my back; there the weapons would be concealed by the pendant robe of jaguar-skins. In a few minutes I was ready.

I still loitered awhile, to wait for the falling of the water; not long—I was too anxious to tarry long. The hour of the council might be nigh—I might be too late for the crisis. Not long did I loiter.

It was not necessary. Even by the moonlight, we could distinguish the dark line of the bank separating the grassy turf from the surface of the water. The rippling current was shining like silver-lace, and, by contrast, the dark earthy strip that rose vertically above it, could be observed more distinctly. It was sensibly broader.

I could wait no longer. I leaped into the saddle. My comrades crowded around me to say a parting word; with a wish or a prayer upon their lips, one after another pressed my hand. Some doubted of their ever seeing me again—I could tell this from the tone of their leave-taking; others were more confident. All vowed to revenge me if I fell.

Rube and Garey went with me down the hill. At the point where the stream impinged upon it, there were bushes; these continued up the declivity, and joined the timber upon the summit. Under their cover we had descended, reaching the bank just at the salient angle of the bend. A thin skirting of similar bushes ran around the base of the hill, and following the path by which we had come, the ambuscade might have been moved a little nearer to the camp. But the cover was not so good as the grove upon the summit, and in case of a retreat, it would be necessary to gallop up the naked face of the slope, and thus expose our numbers. It was decided, therefore, to leave the men where they were.

From the bend to the Indian camp, the river trended almost in a straight line, and its long reach lay before my eyes like a band of shining metal. Along its banks, the bush extended no further. A single step towards the camp would have exposed me to the view of its occupants.

At this point, therefore, it was necessary for me to take to the water; and dismounting, I made ready for the immersion.

The trappers had spoken their last words of instruction and counsel; they had both grasped my hand, giving it a significant squeeze that promised more than words; but to these, too, they had given utterance.

"Don't be afeerd, capt'n!" said the younger. "Rube and I won't be far off. If we hear your pistols, we'll make a rush to'rst you, and meet you half-way anyhow; and if onything should happen amiss'"—here Garey spoke with emphasis—"you may depend on't we'll take a bloody revenge."

"Ye-es!" echoed Rube, "we'll do jest thet. Thur'll be many a nick in Targuts afore next Krissmuss ef you ur rubbed out, young fellur; thet I swar to ye. But don't be skeeart! Keep yur eye sharp-skinned, an yur claws steady, an thur's no fear but yu'll git clur. Oncest yur clur o' the camp, 'ee may reck'n on us. Put straight for the timmer, an gallip as ef Ole Scratch wur agruppin at the tail o' yur critter."

I waited to hear no more, but leading Moro down the bank, at a place where it sloped, I stepped gently into the current. My well trained steed followed without hesitation, and in another instant we were both breast-deep in the flood. The water was just the depth I desired. There was a half yard of bank that rose vertically above the surface; and this was sufficient to shelter either my own head, as I stood erect, or the frontlet of my horse. Should the channel continue of uniform depth as far as the camp, the approach would be easy indeed; and, for certain hydrographic reasons, I was under the belief it would.

The plumes of the Indian bonnet rose above the level of the meadow-turf, and as the feathers—dyed of gay colors—would have formed a conspicuous object, I took off the gaudy head-dress, and carried it in my hand.

I also raised the robe of jaguar-skin over my shoulders, in order to keep it dry; and for the same reason, temporarily carried my pistols above the water-line.

The making of these slight alterations occupied only a minute or so; and as soon as they were completed, I moved forward through the water.

The very depth of the stream proved a circumstance in my favor. In wading, both horse and man make less noise in deep than in shallow water; and this was an important consideration. The night was still—too still for my wishes—and the plunging sound would have been heard afar off; but fortunately there were rapids below—just where the stream forced its way through the spur of the hill—and the hissing sough of these, louder in the still night, was borne upon the air to the distance of many miles. Their noise, to my own ears, almost drowned the plashing made by Moro and myself. I had noted this *point d'avantage* before embarking upon the enterprise.

At the distance of two hundred yards from the bushes, I paused to look back. My purpose was to fix in my memory the direction of the hill, and more especially the point where my comrades had been left in ambush: in the event of a close pursuit, it would not do to mistake their exact situation.

I easily made out the place, and saw that, for several reasons, a better could not have been chosen. The trees that timbered the crest of the hill were of a peculiar kind—none more so upon the earth. They were a species of arborescent yucca, then unknown to botanists. Many of them were forty feet in height; and their thick angular branches, and terminal fascicles of rigid leaves, outlined against the sky, formed a singular, almost an unearthly spectacle. It was unlike any other vegetation upon earth, more resembling a grove of cast iron than a wood of exogenous trees.

Why I regarded the spot as favorable for an ambush, was chiefly this: a party approaching it from the plain, and climbing the hill, might fancy a host of enemies in their front; for the trees themselves, with their heads of radiating blades, bore a striking resemblance to an array of plumed gigantic warriors. Many of the yuccas were only six feet in height, with tufted heads, and branchless trunks as gross as the body of a man, and they might readily have been mistaken for human beings.

I saw at a glance the advantage of the position. Should the Indians pursue me, and I should succeed in reaching the timber before them, a volley from my comrades would check the pursuers, however numerous. The nine rifles would be enough, with a few shots from the revolvers. The savages would fancy nine hundred under the mystifying shadows of that spectral-like grove.

With confidence, strengthened by these considerations, I once more turned my face upstream; and breasting the current, kept on.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A BOLD STROKE FOR A HUSBAND.—Jollybones says that when he was paying attention to the girls, he could not raise courage enough to pop the question, though he tried to do so a dozen times. He would have been a lonely, cadaverous, dispirited, seedy old bachelor, troubled with the blues and hypochondriasis, had not his adorable come to the rescue. For the benefit of throbbing hearts sighing in the bowers of love, we give the secret just as it was told us: Mrs. R—— invited him to dinner, and to dinner he went. The good things were all dished up, and the party drew around the table. Mrs. R—— hastened to do the agreeable, and all went on nicely till the last course, when Jollybones noticed his angel evidently missing something. "Pray, dear, what shall I help you to?" said Jollybones. "I really don't know;" then glancing towards the head of the table, she added:—"Mother, do you think a little marriage ceremony would hurt me?" But before Jollybones had turned his eyes towards mother, she had arisen, and was going to the kitchen for another pot of tea. That night the marriage ceremony was dished up, to the mutual satisfaction of all parties.

☞ Coachman to Housemaid—I think I shall leave this family, Mary. Housemaid—Why, John? Coachman—Aw, well, Mary, you see they don't suit my style! They haven't any marriageble daughters in the family.

CARLYLE ON THE OPERA.

[The following eccentric, but profoundly sensible, manly and eloquent criticism on the Opera, from the pen of Thomas Carlyle, appears in a recent Edinburgh annual, and very well agrees with our own views on the same subject, hitherto expressed in this paper:]

Music is well said to be the speech of angels; in fact, nothing among the utterances allowed to man is felt to be so distinct. It brings us near to the infinite; we look for moments across the cloudy elements into the eternal sea of light when song leads and inspires us. Serious nations—all nations that can still listen to the mandates of nature—have prized song and music to the highest; as a vehicle for worship, for prophecy, and for whatsoever in them was divine. Their singer was admitted to the council of the universe, friend of the gods, and choicest benefactor to man. Reader, it was actually so in Greek, in Roman, in Moslem, Christian, most of all in old Hebrew times; and if you look how it is now, you will find a change that should astonish you. Good Heavens! from a psalm of Asaph to a seat at the London Opera in the Haymarket—what a road have men travelled? The waste that is made in music is probably among the saddest of all our squanderings of God's gifts. Music has, for a long time past, been avowedly mad, divorced from sense and fact; and runs about now as an open Bedlamite, for a good many generations back, bragging that she has nothing to do with sense and fact, but with fiction and delirium only; and stares with unaffected amazement, not able to suppress an elegant burst of witty laughter, at my suggesting the whole fact to her.

Fact nevertheless it is; forgotten and fallen and ridiculous as it may be. Tyrtæus, who had a little music, did not sing Barbers of Seville, but the need of beating back one's country's enemies—a most true song, to which the hearts of men did burst responsive into fiery melody, followed by fiery strokes before long. Sophocles also sang, and showed in grand dramatic rhythm and melody, not a fable but a fact—the best he could interpret it—the judgments of Eternal Deity upon the erring sons of men. Æschylus, Sophocles, all noble poets, were priests as well; and sang the truest (which was also the divinest) they had been privileged to discover here below. To "sing the praise of God;" that, you will find, if you can interpret old words, and see what now things they mean, was always, and will always be the business of the singer. He who forsakes that business, and wasting our divinest gifts, sings the praise of chaos, what shall we say of him?

David, King of Judah, a soul inspired by divine music, and much other heroism, was wont to pour himself with song; he with seer's eye and heart discerned the godlike amid the human, struck tones that were an echo of the sphere harmonies, and are still felt to be such. Reader, art thou one of a thousand able still to read a psalm of David and catch some echo of it through the old dim centuries, feeling far off, in thy own heart, what it once was to other hearts made as thine? To sing it attempt not, for it is impossible in this late time; only know that it was once sung. Then go to the Opera, and hear with unspeakable reflections, what men now sing!

Of the Haymarket Opera, my account, in fine, is this. Lustres, candelabras, painting, gilding, at discretion; a hall as of the Caliph Alraschid, or him that commanded the slaves of the lamp—a hall as if fitted up by the genii, regardless of expense. Upholstery and the outlay of human capital could do no more.—Artists, too, as they are called, have been got together from the ends of the world, regardless likewise of expense, to do dancing and singing, some of them even geniuses in their craft. One singer in particular, called Colletti, or some such name, seemed to me, by the cast of his face, by the tones of his voice, by his general bearing, so far as I could read it, to be a man of deep and ardent sensibilities, of delicate intuitions, great sympathies, originally an almost poetic soul, or man of genius, as we term it; stamped by nature as capable of far other work than squalling here like a blind Samson to make the Philistines sport. Nay, all of them had aptitudes, perhaps of a distinguished kind, and must, by their own and other people's labor, have got a training equal or superior in toilsomeness, earnest assiduity, and patient travail, to what breeds men to the most arduous trades. I speak not of kings, grandees, or the like show figures; but few soldiers, judges, men of letters, can have had such pains taken with them. The very ballet girls, with their muslin saucers around them, were perhaps little short of miraculous, whirling and spinning there in strange, mad vortexes, and then suddenly fixing themselves motionless, each upon her left or right great toe, with the other leg stretched out at an angle of ninety degrees, as if you had suddenly pricked into the floor, by one of their points, a pair, or rather a multitudinous cohort of mad, restlessly jumping, and clipping scissors, and so bidden them rest, with opened blades, and stand still, in the devil's name! A truly notable motion—marvellous, almost miraculous, were not the people there so used to it; a motion peculiar to the Opera, perhaps the ugliest, and surely one of the most difficult, ever taught a female in this world. Nature abhors it; but art does at least admit it to border on the impossible. One little Cerito, or Taglioni the Second, that night when I was there, went bounding from the floor as if she had been made of India-rubber, or filled with hydrogen gas, and inclined by positive levity to bolt through the ceiling; perhaps neither Semiramis or Catherine II. had bred herself so carefully. Such talent, and such martyrdom of training, gathered from the four winds, was now here to do its feat and be paid for it—regardless of expense, indeed.—The purse of Fortunatus seemed to have opened itself; and the divine art of musical sound and Rhythmic motion was welcomed with an explosion of all the magnificences which the other arts, fine and coarse, could achieve. For you are to think of some Rossini or Bellini in the rear of it, too; to say nothing of the Stanfields, and hosts of scene painters, machinists, engineers, and enterprisers, fit to have taken Gibraltar, written the history of England, or reduced Ireland into industrial regiments, had they set their minds to it.

Alas! and of all these notable or noticeable human talents, and excellent perseverances, and energies, backed by mountains of wealth, and led by the divine art of music and rhythm, vouchsafed by Heaven to them and us, what was to be the issue here this evening? An hour's amusement, not amusing either, but wearisome and dreary, to a high-dizened select populace of male and female persons, who seemed to me not worth much amusing. Could any one have pealed into their hearts once, one true thought and glimpse of self-vision! High-dizened, most expensive persons, aristocracy so called, or best of the world, beware, beware what proofs you are giving here of betterness and bestness! And then the salutary pang of conscience in reply. "A select populace, with money in its purse, and drilled a little by the posture maker; good Heavens! if that were what, here and everywhere in God's creation, I am. And a world all dying because I am, and show myself to be, and to have long been, even that? John, the carriage—the carriage swift! Let me go home in silence, to reflection, perhaps to sackcloth and ashes!" This, and not amusement, would have profited these persons. Amusement, at any rate, they did not get from Euterpe and Melpomene. These two muses, sent for regardless of expense, I could see, were but the vehicle of a kind of service, which I judged to be Paphian rather.

Young beauties of both sexes used their opera glasses, you could notice, not entirely for looking at the stage. And it must be owned, the light in this explosion of all the upholsteries, and the human fine arts and coarse, was magical, and made your fair one an Armida, if you liked her better so. Nay, certain old improper females (of quality) in their rouge and jewels, even these looked some reminiscence of enchantment, and I saw this and the other lean domestic dandy, with icy smile on his old worn face, this and the other Marquis Singedelomme, Prince Mahogany, or the like foreign dignitary, tripping into the boxes of said females grinning there awhile, with dyed moustachios, and Macassar oil graciosity, and then tripping out again; and, in fact, I perceived that Coletti and Cerito, and the Rhythmic arts were a mere accompaniment here. Wonderful to see, and sad, if you had eyes. Do but think of it, Cleopatra threw pearls into her drink, in mere waste, which was reckoned foolish of her. But here had the modern aristocracy of men brought the divinest of its arts, heavenly music itself, and piling all the upholsteries that other human art could do, had lighted them into bonfire to illuminate an hour's flirtation of Singedelomme, Mahogany, and these improper persons. Never in nature had I seen such a waste before. Oh! Colotti, you whose inborn melody, once of kindred as I judged to "the melodies eternal," might have valiantly weeded out this and the other false thing from the ways of men and made a bit of God's creation more melodious—they have purchased you away from that, chained you to the wheel of Prince Mahogany's chariot, and here you make sport for Macassar Singedelomme, and his improper females, past the prime of life. Wretched, spiritual nigger! oh! if you had some genius, and and were not a mere born nigger, with appetite for pumpkin, should you have endured such a lot? I lament for you beyond all other expenses. Other expenses are light; you are the Cleopatra's pearl that should not have been flung into Mahogany's claret cup.

And Rossini, too, and Mozart, and Bellini; oh, Heavens! when I think that music, too, is condemned to be mad, and to burn herself to this end, on such a funeral pile, your celestial opera-house grows dark and infernal to me. Behind its glitter stalks the shadow of Eternal Death through it, too. I look not "up into the Divine eye," as Richter has it, "but down into the bottomless eye-socket;" not upwards towards God, Heaven, and the throne of Truth, but, too truly, down, towards Falsity, Vanity, and the dwelling-place of Everlasting Despair.

Good sirs, surely I by no means expect the Opera will abolish itself this year or the next. But if you ask me why heroes are not born now, why heroisms are not done now, I will answer you. It is a world all calculated for the strangling of heroism. At every ingress into life the genius of the world lies in wait for heroisms; and, by seduction or compulsion, unweariedly does its utmost to pervert them or extinguish them. Yes, to its halls of sweating tailors, distressed needle-women, and the like, this Opera of yours is the appropriate heaven. Of a truth, if you will read a psalm of Asaph, and then come hither and read the Rossini and Coletti psalm, you will find the ages have altered a good deal. Nor do I wish all men to become Psalmist Asaphs and fanatic Hebrews. Far other is my wish—far other, and wider, is now my notion of the universe. Populations of stern faces, stern as any Hebrew, but capable, withal, of bursting into inextinguishable laughter on occasions—do you understand that new and better form of character? Laughter, also, if it comes from the heart, is a heavenly thing. But at least and lowest, I would have you a population abhorring phantasms, abhorring unveracity in all things, and in your amusements, which are voluntary and not compulsory things, abhorring it most impatiently of all.

LORD TIMOTHY DEXTER'S SPECULATION.—There never was a man of less gumption than the noted Lord Timothy Dexter, of Newburyport. The anecdote of him, which is undoubtedly familiar to all of our readers, is a double illustration of eccentricity in trade, and of gumption in another. Some merchant's clerks, who were fond of quizzing Lord Timothy, advised him to send a lot of warming pans to the West Indies, as part of an assorted cargo. Fortunately for himself he entrusted the shipment to a captain who had gumption, and who upon his arrival there had handles put to them and introduced them into a large sugar making establishment, where they were used as ladles and skimmers, and they answered the purpose so well that the invoice sold at a high profit. The name of Lord Timothy Dexter is handed down to us in connection with this anecdote, but if it is worthy of preservation, does not its chief point redound to the credit of the young captain? He certainly brought a return for the shipment when another might only have returned a bill of charges.—*Boston Gazette.*

☞ A great many people have some knowledge of the world, although the world has no knowledge whatever of them, and no particular desire to acquire any.

☞ Owls look wiser than eagles, and many a sheepskin passes for chamois.

A HORSE STORY.

This abridgement of a horse story is taken from William C. Prime's work, "Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia," as related to him by one of the governor's officers at Edfou. It is a story of an old Sheik of the Bedouins, which has often appeared in print, but not like this:

The Sheik was old and poor. He owned a tent, a Nubian slave, and a mare; nothing else. The mare was the fleetest animal on the desert. From the Nile to the Euphrates, the fame of this animal had gone out, and kings had sought in vain to own her. The love of a Bedouin for his horse is not that fabled affection that we read of in books. It is the love an American nabob has for gold, or a poor laborer for his day's wages. His horse is his life. He can rob, plunder, kill and destroy, *ad libitum*, if he have a fleet steed. If he have none, he can do nothing, but is the prey of every one who has. Living this wandering life, the old Sheik was rich in this one mare, which was acknowledged to be the fleetest horse in Arabia. Ibrahim Pasha wished the animal as his father had before him. He sent various offers to the old Sheik, but in vain. At length he sent a deputation, with 500 purses, (a purse is five pounds,) and the old man laughed at them.

"Then," said Ibrahim Pasha, "I will take your mare."

"Try it."

He sent a regiment into the desert, and the Sheik rode around them, and laughed at them, and the regiment came home.

At last the Sheik died from a wound received in a fray with a neighboring tribe. Dying he gave to his Nubian slave all that he had—his priceless mare—and the duties of the blood, revenge.

The faithful slave accepted both, and has ever since been the terror of the eastern desert. Yearly he comes down like a hawk on the tents of that devoted tribe, and leaves a ball or a lance in man or woman. No amount of blood satiates his revenge; and the mare and the black rider are as celebrated in Arabia as the wild huntsman in European forests, and much better known.

AN INDIAN ADVENTURE.—The following incident was narrated to Lieut. Beckwith, of the Pacific Railroad Expedition party, by a Delaware Indian guide, as they were traversing a mountain pass, which was marked by numerous gullies and ravines:

"He was traversing this pass at midnight, accompanied by his squaw only, both mounted upon the same horse, and the night so dark that he could neither see the outlines of the hills nor the ground at his horse's feet, when he heard a sound (which he imitated) so slight as to be scarcely perceptible to an Indian's ear, of an arrow carried in the hand, striking once only, with a slight tick, against a bow. Stopping, he could hear nothing, but instantly dismounted, his squaw leaning down upon the horse, that she might by no possibility be seen, and placed his ear to the ground, when he heard the same sound repeated, but a few feet distant, and was therefore satisfied that however imminent the danger, he had not yet been seen or heard, for no Indian would make such a sound at night, in approaching his foe; he therefore instantly arose, and took his horse by the bridle close to his mouth, to lessen the chances of his moving or whinnying, and one hundred and seventy of his deadliest enemies, the Sioux, on a war party, filed past him within arm's reach, while he remained unobserved."

THE BISHOP OF LONDON AND HIS THREE FAMILIES.—Bishop Bloomfield had a family by his first marriage, then married a widow with a family, and afterwards had children by his second wife. These three families afforded an omnibus driver, who plied his whip through the town of Fulham, the well-known illustration of the English law of intermarriage, which is so pithily expressed, that despite its Cockneyisms, it deserves to take place in the memory with "Thirty days hath November." "His'n may marry her'n (said John, sententiously, pointing with his whip to Fulham Palace), and her'n may marry his'n, but his'n and her'n can't marry his'n or her'n."

☞ With what wonderful accuracy does *Young Norval* in the Scotch tragedy, in the account which he gives of his supposed parentage, indicate the character of a Yankee dealer! He describes his father as an individual "whose constant care was to increase his store."

☞ THE THING THAT IS OBVIOUS.—"Mamma, if we cross the bridge at night, must we pay toll?" "Of course, my dear; why do you ask?" "Why, because the river will have gone home to sleep." "Oh! the river never sleeps." "Then why has it a bed, mamma?"

☞ What is a fist? The hand doubled. How then can one double up his fist?

☞ The intelligent have a right over the ignorant—the right of instructing them.

☞ Our sorrows are like thunder-clouds, which seem black in the distance, but grow lighter as they approach.

☞ A NEW WAY TO GET LODGERS.—Mrs. Hubbs keeps boarders, and always has a full house. Two years ago she used to collect lobster backs, oyster shells, and chop bones, throw them in front of the door and advertise for boarders. The bait always took, and the old lady now indulges in a three story domicile, door plate, and case. Landladies having a hankering after these latter things will do well to make a note.

☞ An Irishman on board a vessel, when she was on the point of foundering, being desired to come on deck, as she was going down, replied, that he had no wish to go on deck to *see himself drowned.*

☞ It is said that no fort ever suffered so much from a single battle as the piano forte from the battle of Prague.

☞ The Helicon of too many poets is not a hill crowned with sunshine and visited by the Muses and the Graces, but an old mouldering house, full of gloom and haunted with ghosts.

☞ Somebody said a good thing when he remarked:—"A prominent vice of our time, is the universal tendency towards filling responsible places with timorous, inoffensive, negative, half-and-half men, whom nobody can be jealous of, because they are nobody, and amount to nothing." They are, however, we grant, "representative men"—representing the great mass of men nowadays.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The receipts of Flour during the past week have been quite moderate, but there has been very little inquiry either for export or home consumption, and with unfavorable European advices, and encouraging prospects of a prolific Wheat crop, the market has been very dull, and prices incline in favor of buyers. The sales for shipment comprise only 1000@1200 bbls at $6,75@7,12½ ₱ bbl for mixed and better brands; $7,75 for Extra, and $8,25 @8,50 for Extra Family. The sales to the retailers and bakers have been within the range of the same quotations, and fancy lots from $9 to 10. A few lots of Flour, made from new Wheat, have been offered, but not enough to establish quotations. Rye Flour and Corn Meal have been quiet. Sales of 300 bbls of the former at $4,75, and 1000 bbls of the latter at $3,37½@3,42 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of new Wheat have slightly increased, but of the old crop there is very little left in the interior to come forward. The demand has been limited, as the millers purchase cautiously, and prices are 2@3 cts lower. Sales of 50,000 bush new Southern at $1,02@1,10 ₱ bushel for fair and choice red mostly at $1,05@1,08, and white at $1,03@1,05. There has been very little Rye offering. Sales of 3500 bush at $1. Corn has been in good request, and prices have advanced 4@5c ₱ bush. Sales of 12 or 13,000 bush yellow at 83@85c early in the week, and since at 86c, afloat and in store. Oats have also improved, and the receipts have fallen off. Sales of 30,000 bush Southern and Penna at 39@40c ₱ bush.

PROVISIONS—The market has been extremely quiet, but prices are firm for all descriptions. There is some little demand for Pork, and 100 bbls Western Mess were disposed of, in lots, at $18,75@19, cash and 60 days; new held at $21,50@24,25. City packed Mess Beef sells slowly, for ship stores, at our quotations. Bacon has been exceedingly quiet—the receipts and stock being light, and the demand limited. Sales of Hams at 12@13c ₱ lb, as to quality and how canvassed; Sides at 12¼@13c, and Shoulders at 11¼@11¾c ₱ lb, 60 days. A lot of 10 casks damaged Shoulders sold at 9c. In Green Salted Meats the transactions have been limited—partly owing to the want of stocks to operate in. Sales of Hams at 11c, and Shoulders at 10½@10¾c ₱ lb, 60 days, the latter being an improvement—now held higher. Lard—The stock is small, but the demand has been limited, and prices are barely maintained. Small sales of barrels at 12¼@13c, and 400 kegs at 13c ₱ lb, cash and on time. Butter—Contracts dull and sells only in a small way at 14@15c ₱ lb. There is little or no Roll offering. In Cheese and Eggs no change.

BARK—There is a fair demand for Quercitron Bark, but there is not much offering. Sales of 61 hhds No 1 at $43 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark continues as last quoted.

BEESWAX—Is held very firmly, and further sales of good yellow have been made at 29c ₱ lb, cash.

BRIMSTONE—An invoice of 125 tons Crude Brimstone just arrived, sold on terms not made public.

CANDLES—Continue dull, and the sales of all descriptions have been only in a small way, at our former quotations.

COAL—The shipments to the eastward this week have been large. The demand has somewhat increased, but the market is not as active as at this season last year. Colliers are in fair supply, and meet with despatch to the eastward. Nothing doing in Bituminous Coal.

COFFEE—The stock has been increased by the arrival early in the week of a cargo of 6000 bags Rio. The market has been quite firm, but the demand is only moderate.—Sales of 4000 bags at 11¼@11¾c ₱ lb, on time, for Rio, and 12@13c for Laguayra.

COPPER—Is but little inquired after. We quote English Sheathing at 27c. Small sales of Yellow Metal at 22c ₱ lb, 6 mos.

COTTON—There has been very little activity in the market since our last report, and the late European accounts have had no effect upon prices. The demand has been limited but the receipts have been small, and holders are firm in their views. Sales of 1100 bales at 14¼@15c ₱ lb for Upland, and 15@17c for New Orleans.

DRUGS AND DYES—But little business doing. Among the sales we noticed some Tartaric Acid, in lead, at 37½c, 6 mos; 10 barrels Cod Liver Oil at $1,45; some Vanilla Bean at $25,50, and Cubeb at 19c. The stock of Soda Ash is much reduced. Opium is dull. Dyewoods generally are dull.

FEATHERS—Are dull. We quote Western, in the absence of sales, at 54@56c ₱ lb.

FISH—The receipts of Mackerel are small, and holders are firm at the improvement noticed last week. The sales are confined to small lots at $14@15 ₱ bbl for medium No 1s; $23 for large; $13 for medium No 2s; $10@11 for large, and $10 for small No 2. Of Codfish the market is nearly bare. We quote at $3½. Herring sell in a small way at $4 ₱ bbl.

FRUIT—A cargo of Palermo Oranges and Lemons, which arrived at the close of last week, has been landing, and 1000 boxes of the former sold at $4@4 ₱ box; 1442 boxes of the latter badly damaged, sold by auction at 12½@ 71c, cash. Two more cargoes have arrived and are now landing. 10,000 Pine Apples sold at $6@ 10c, and 125 bags Pea Nuts, on private terms. A lot of North Carolina Pea Nuts sold at 8½c. The receipts of Green Fruit have thus far been light. A few Apples have been sold at $2@3 ₱ barrel.

GINSENG—There is nothing doing and prices are nominal.

GUANO—The demand continues limited for both Peruvian and Columbian, but prices remain without change.

HEMP—Is very quiet, there being but little stock here to operate on.

HIDES—Are more inquired after and prices have improved full 1c ₱ lb within thirty days. An invoice of Pernambuco sold, for another market, on terms not made public.

HOPS—The demand has been limited, but prices are steady at 24@25c ₱ lb, for new crop Eastern and Western.

INDIGO—Prices are firm, and further sales of Bengal were made at $1,35@1,45 ₱ lb, 6 mos.

IRON—There has been rather more inquiry for Pig Metal, but the market is devoid of activity, and the only transactions reported are 600 tons Anthracite, in small lots at $23 ₱ ton, 6 months for No 1, and $25 for No 2, and $25 for No 1. Scotch Pig sells slowly, from store, at $33, 6 mos. The stock of Blooms are very much reduced, and prices are firm. In Bar and Boiler Iron there is a steady trade doing at former rates.

LEAD—Prices are firm, and the stock of Pig is very much reduced. Sales of about 300 Pigs Virginia at $6,62½, equal to cash.

LEATHER—There is a steady demand for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter, and prices are well maintained.

LUMBER—There is a moderate demand for most descriptions, but without change in prices. Several cargoes of Laths brought $1,25@1,60 ₱ M; 300,000 feet Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $10@13; Susquehanna Yellow and White Boards at $14@15, and Spruce Joist at $15,50 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—The market has been exceedingly quiet, and the only sale reported is a small lot of Cuba at a price not made public. 340 hhds Cuba are shipping to Liverpool and London.

NAVAL STORES—The transactions have been limited. Among them we notice a small lot of Common Rosin at $1,50 ₱ bbl, and one at $5,75. Prices of Tar and Pitch are as last quoted. Spirits of Turpentine meets a limited inquiry, but prices are steadily maintained, the stock being very much reduced and in few hands. Small sales at 41@42c, cash and 4 mos.

OILS—But little doing in any description. Lard Oil continues very dull. A sale of 20 bbls No 1 Winter at $1,15, 4 mos. Fish Oils sell slowly from store, without change in prices. Red Oil is held firmly. Linseed Oil continues to command 75c cash, with sales of 3000 gals at this figure.

PLASTER—Has been dull, and no further sales have been reported.

RICE—The stock is now very much reduced, and prices are firm. Sales of 220 tcs at $5,37½@5,50, 4 mos. A lot of inferior sold at $4,12½.

SALT—Prices are unchanged. An invoice of 4450 sacks Liverpool Ground and Fine has arrived since our last report, which sold on private terms.

SEEDS—About 150 bush Timothy sold at $3,20@3 ₱ bush. The receipts have fallen off. Clover seed sells in a small way, from second hands, at $7,25@8 ₱ 64 lbs. Flaxseed is scarce, and commands $1,95.

SPICES—The only sale reported is a small lot of Nutmegs at 77c@ ₱ lb, 6 mos.

SPIRITS—A cargo of Brandy has arrived since our last report. There is a moderate inquiry for the article, within the range of last week's quotations. In Gin no change. N E Rum sells slowly at 28@31c. Whiskey has met a very limited inquiry. Sales of 300 bbls at 27½@30c for Eastern and Ohio; 29c for Drudge, and 28c for hhds.

SUGAR—The market continues inactive, the refiners and the trade holding off for lower rates, and only 400 hhds Cuba were disposed of at 9¼@10c ₱ lb, on time. About 800 tons have been shipped to London.

TALLOW—Meets a limited inquiry at 10@11c ₱ lb, cash, for Country and City Rendered.

TEAS—The recent advices from China have caused increased firmness for all descriptions, and there has been a fair inquiry.

TOBACCO—Prices continue very firm for both Leaf and Manufactured, but there is not much doing.

WINES—There have been no transactions worthy of notice.

WOOL—There has been a fair demand for manufacturing and prices are well maintained. Sales of 280,000 lbs at 45@47c for Merino pulled; 47@49c for half-blood; 52@55c for three-quarter blood, and 56@58c ₱ lb, 6 mos, for full-blood and fine, part to go Eastward. The receipts are increasing.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
R. B. JONES, EXCHANGE HOTEL,
No. 77 Dock Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Young Lamb, whole	$5,00
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	18@22	Whole carcass	8@9
Sirloin steak	16@20	*Veal.*	
Rump do	12½@16	Fore quarter ₱ lb	8
Chuck pieces	8@12½	Hind do	11
Plates and navels		Chop	12
Corned	6@10	Cutlet	14
Tongues, fresh,	45@55	Sweetbread, each	10
Leg, each,	31@37½	*Pork.*	
Shin	2½@4c	Young Pigs	$1,75@2,50
Kidney	8@12½	Salt and fresh ₱	12@14
Liver ₱ lb	6½	Feet, ₱ set	10@12½
Dried Beef ₱ lb	30	Tripe, ₱ lb	4@6½
Lamb.		Lard do	13@15
Fore quarter	75@87½	Hams, smoked	12½@16
Hind do	1 00@1 12½	Bologna Sausage	16@20
Chop ₱ lb	20@—	Fresh Sausage, ₱ lb	10@12
Calves Head, each	25@31	Puddings ₱ lb	10@13
Mutton.		Spare Rib ₱ lb	14
Leg, Loin, Chop ₱ lb	8@10	Tender Loin ₱ lb	10@12
Breast and Neck	6½@8		

VEGETABLES.

Turnips bkt	31@40	Corn potatoes bu	1 25@1 40
do bf pk	—@12	do bkt	37½@50
Beets bunch	4@5	do bf pk	6@12
Cabbages bbl	37 50@—	Sweet potat'e bkt	87@1 00
do h'd	3@10	do pk	18@20
Salad head	1@5	Quince bus	—@3 00
Pickles bkt	31@37	Canteloupe	12
do bf pk	18@20	Tomatoes per qt peck	12
Lima Beans qt	12@15	Green Mint ₱ bunch	3@4
Green Peas bus	62@87		

FRUIT.

Apples ₱ bkt	62@1 12½	Cranberries qt	12
do bf pk	12½@25	Gooseberries ₱ qt	10@12½
Raspberries ₱ box	18	Currants "	10@12
		Watermelons	50@75

POULTRY AND GAME.

Turkeys ₱ lb	10@12	Chickens ₱ pair	37@1 25
Turkeys each	1 75@3 50	Sob Pig'ns pr	25@31
Spring Chickens ₱ pair	31@37	Woodcock	50@75

GERMAN SLEEP-OSOPHY.

The Germans, it appears, lie still (when once in bed), and prefer to sleep single—or rather, if two occupy the same room, to do it in two single beds. Some curious information, as to this point, is given by the "Musical World" in the course of some reminiscences of life in Germany:—

"On the third floor, two stories above His Aristocracy, the Schimmel, was my bedroom; contiguous to it, in front, being the parlor and other apartments of the family. Habitual twilight reigned in this room, from the contiguity of other buildings. But it was good to sleep in. Sleep cool and dark is the rule. The first condition I very literally complied with during many months of my early residence in Germany—for I could not keep the bed-clothes on.

"The Germans rightly call bed-clothes, bed-*cloths*, (Bett-Tucher.) I once drew upon myself the almost expiring laughter of some German ladies, for literally translating, in the course of conversation, our term bed-clothes, Bett-*Kleider*: as though a bed could ever wear clothes like a human—the term being to them associated with no other ideas than coat and trowsers, or petticoats and pantalets; which latter they would as soon have thought of putting upon the legs of a bed, as to talk of bed-*clothes*.

"Bed-*cloths* is the word; and rightly, for they are nothing *but* cloths. Cut to the precise size of the narrow bed, they are laid over as a close fit. Of course, when a human body is interjected between them they are much less a fit; and the proximity of the person to the air is exceedingly close and confidential. Actual contact, indeed—in my own case—being for a long time the fact of the matter.

"A certain equivalent for this is furnished in the down bed (for the opulent) which rests upon the top of the cloths, or the heavier feather-bed, for the indigent. But my feather-bed was awkward to manage. I say manage: meaning to balance. On the top of me, for instance, was a single bed-cloth, on which rested the feather-bed. Now I have the peculiarity, that I cannot lie on my back all night without stirring; nor on my stomach; nor on my side. But the moment I rashly essayed to turn over, pop went my feather-bed off upon the floor, dragging the 'cloth' along with it.

"And yet it can be done—by practice—this sleeping German: first, by walking about all day and getting so tired that you have no desire to stir; or otherwise maintaining a bed-balancing consciousness all the time you are sleeping, and then giving an artful squirm—the trick of which you will soon get—when you wish to turn over.

"The married people, of plain life, (with which I am chiefly conversant,) sleep in two single beds, each being a 'sweet little isle' of its own—while the two are affectionately contiguous. The connubial neighbors can respectfully shake hands and wish good-night and good-morning. But the territory of each is distinct: the cloths are cut separate; each bed is complete *per se*, and there is no continuousness of bolster or implied communality of pillow."

A MADMAN'S TRICK.

Dr. Forbes Winslow is eminent in England for his skillful treatment of the insane. His principle is, to treat the victim of mental derangement as if he were sane, to accustom him to the ideas of self-government and responsibility, and to lead the vagrant fancy back to health by the track of habit. Unless the sufferer's malady be dangerous to others, he is accustomed to mix freely with society, to hear the topics of the world without, discussed at the inner-table, to share with the sane in the evening recreations of the ball-room or the billiard-table, and at times to take his country excursion on *parole*, totally unaware of the many *surveillance* to which he is subjected. Under regulations which never allow his infirmity to be suggested, it is rarely betrayed, and the chief sign of the disorder, if apparent, will probably be the extreme calculation designed to mask it.

Humorous instance of this calculation was witnessed by the present writer during a visit to a private asylum. The physician of the establishment received a few friends at dinner, the patients, as usual, mingled with the guests. In the course of the dessert a curious wine was introduced, to the merits of which more than one connoisseur bore emphatic testimony. The reader's humble servant, influenced by these encomiums, filled his glass, but forbore to raise it to his lips, as his immediate neighbor, a clergyman, was at the moment enforcing some theological view with great earnestness of voice and gesture. After a pause, the layman's verdict on the wine was demanded, when, to his surprise, an empty glass stood before him. It was replenished, but with a similar result. The baffled guest filled a third time, and watched his glass narrowly. The controversial divine by his side continued his argument, and pointed upward, as he had done before, with an expressive finger. This time, however, the eye of his companion only feigned to follow the digital indication, and he observed the speaker, apparently in the warmth of his position, interpose his arm before the wine-sweep it from its place, turn suddenly drain it. This being done, the empty ves- was restored by a like action of the arm to original position. It was now the guest's to indulge in a pantomime with his host, by the recurrence of the joke was quietly nted. It transpired afterwards that the cal patient had been enjoined to confine neelf to one glass of wine, and that, while ning from re-filling his own glass, he had ingeniously evaded the regulation.

A lady up town cleared her house of s by putting honey on her husband's whisrs when he was asleep. The flies stuck fast, l when he went out of the house he carried h off with him.

Never carry a sword in your tongue to nd the reputation of any man.

There are reproaches which give praise, aise which reproaches.

What would I give to call my mother k to earth for one day, to ask her pardon, n my knees, for all those acts by which I her gentle spirit pain!—*Chas. Lamb.*

Any one may do a casual act of good , but a continuation of them shows it is e of the temperament.

A MODEL BANDIT.

The Parisians quote various *whimsicalities* of a certain Lord H——, an English nobleman now dead, who figured for a long time in the saloons of Paris, as one of the most honorable representatives of English eccentricity. Travelling once in Italy, at a date when the banditti—who, whatever skeptics may say, have never entirely disappeared—were in full activity, Lord H—— ventured one day alone in a postchaise upon a road of very bad repute, not having even his body-servant, whom he had sent elsewhere on an errand. He did not know that the soldiery were at this time on a vigorous hunt through that region, and was none the less tranquil for his ignorance; when suddenly there sprang towards the carriage, from a thicket, a man whose picturesque dress but too clearly indicated his profession. Lord H—— took a pistol and a cool aim at the brigand, who shouted:

"Mercy! I was not attacking you; I surrender. I am pursued. Save me!"

The galloping of horses was heard at no great distance. The nobleman thought it quite *piquant* that a bandit should solicit a traveller's protection on the highway; the confidence touched him; the simplicity amused him.

"So be it," said he; "jump on the seat; wrap my cloak around you, and draw this cap over your eyes."

The soldiers appeared.

"Have you seen a man running this way—a bandit we are after?" they asked.

The traveller made a sign in the negative; the—postillion—always on good terms with banditti, and often their accomplice—was careful not to betray the secret, so the pursuers went on.

"Ah, my lord, you have saved my life! But for your mercy I should have been hung!"

"Then you have committed many crimes?"

"No bad ones. But I ask nothing better than a chance to be an honest man. Would you take me into your service?"

This proposition, which would have made an ordinary traveller jump, was favorably received by the eccentric Englishman.

"I should like to do so," he answered; "you interest me."

"Thanks, my lord. It is agreed, then? You will take me for your servant?"

"No, I have one; and really I don't very well know what place to give you. I have but one vacancy; I have just discharged my steward."

"Why?"

"He robbed me."

"The wretch!"

That word, pronounced by that man, pleased the noble lord. He left Italy with his new retainer, who established himself entirely in the master's good graces. It was such an irresistible oddity to give a bandit a place of trust.—The rich Englishman thought it extremely original to give the keys of his cash and the care of his money matters to a man who had been used to stripping travellers on the highways; but, what is more extraordinary, he never had occasion to repent it; for the ex-bandit, wrought to enthusiasm by so prodigious a mark of confidence, persisted in the good resolutions which the Englishman had judged to be sincere. Far from continuing his former trade in the propitious situation of steward, he became a model of probity, disinterestedness, delicacy, and his noble master's fortune prospered in his loyal care.

☞ A CANDID BANKRUPT.—At a recent examination of a bankrupt, it was observed that he kept a great number of banking accounts. "I see," said the learned judge, "that you have had six or seven bankers—what could you want so many for?" "To overdraw them, to be sure," was the frank reply.

☞ "Your son is a clever young man," said a University tutor to an inquiring father; "indeed, he is a very clever young man, but—" and here came an ominous shake of the head—"he is by no means the clever young man he thinks himself."

MISS BRONTE'S LIFE AT HAWORTH.—The late Mrs. Nicholls (Miss Bronte) is held in affectionate remembrance at Haworth, and, now that the deceased lady's name is being prominently brought before the public, many stories are told of her goodness and kindness which, notwithstanding her retiring disposition, found many opportunities of displaying itself. The memoirs of her life, recently published by Mrs. Gaskell, are extremely popular, and are eagerly read and criticized. On all hands ready testimony is borne to their general accuracy; the story of the "Haworth Riots," when the unpopular Mr. Redhead was driven from the church, being stoutly maintained, notwithstanding that the transaction is not very creditable to the "rough and ready" villagers. One enterprizing bookseller enriched his shelves with a copy of Mrs. Gaskell's book on its first issue, and is now lending the volumes at the rate of one shilling per volume per week for reading. Even at that price the work is in great request among the class who cannot purchase it for themselves. Haworth, too, is attracting its full share of attention, and its long straggling village, its old parsonage, its church (partially rebuilt during the barbaric eighteenth century), the tombs of the Bronte family, and its wild hills and bleak moors, are being visited by "pilgrims" from the surrounding manufacturing towns, and every spot is dwelt upon with interest. The villagers talk with avidity of the deceased, and treat their visitors, if with rough, at least with hearty courtesy.—*Daily News.*

MASSACHUSETTS.—The aggregate number of legal voters of Massachusetts, as shown by the census just taken, is 211,700, yet the largest vote ever polled in the state was 187,000, and usually it does not exceed 150,000; so that from forty thousand to sixty thousand voters are absent from the polls at every contest. The Boston Traveller says that the vote of Massachusetts is usually smaller in proportion than that cast in most of the New England States. It was so at the last Presidential election, when she gave but 15,190 for each representative in Congress, while the average in Maine was 16,300; New Hampshire 23,000; Vermont 17,000; Connecticut 20,000, and even in Rhode Island 10,000. These statistics indicate the presence of a latent vote in the Bay State which, could it once be brought out, might produce a very serious change in results. Nothing, however, short of a hotly contested and close canvass, pending some exciting issue, will be likely to bring out the abstentionists.

A SNAKE STORY.—A lad of twelve years of age, son of Jacob Reinhart, was fishing in Upton, Pa., a few days since, when a black snake suddenly whipped itself twice around his body with such force as to throw him into the water, which was deep. A pole was thrust down to him, which struck him, and which he had presence of mind enough immediately to grasp, when he was drawn up. An attempt to grapple the snake proved unsuccessful, and resulted only in the operator getting their fingers bit. So light was the reptile coiled, that it was necessary to turn a knife edgewise and use force to get it between the boy's clothes and the snake's skin; this accomplished, the sharp instrument was turned and a vigorous two handed cut severed the unwelcome living girdle in twain. The snake was four and a half feet long.

NEWS ITEMS.

HOW TO PRESERVE CORN.—A Mr. Rowe, of Lancaster, Pa., has obtained letters patent on a newly discovered process for preserving green corn. It consists in removing the pith from the cob while yet green, and then drying the ear. It is stated that this prevents the accumulation of mould, and renders the work of preparing the corn very trivial. Corn thus prepared is said to retain all its peculiar sweetness.

THE WATERING PLACES (says the Boston Post), "or, as Brown calls them, the *brandy-and-watering places*, seem likely to be as densely crowded as ever." He says (Green, of the Post,) "we shall see them all, if wife and weather permit."

COTTON FROM ALGERIA.—Some samples of cotton have recently been forwarded to England from Algeria, and it has been pronounced a fair quality of Sea Island, valued at from 10½ to 12½ pence per lb. Some inferior samples were valued at 7½ pence each. The samples were sent to Manchester, with a view of inducing English laborers to go out to Algeria and work the cotton lands.

HEREDITARY INEBRIETY.—Dr. Freeman, of New York, says that almost one-quarter of the children under ten years of age in that city die of hereditary inebriety. He advocates the erection of an asylum for the inbriates, and says that eighty per cent. of cases can be cured by such an institution. This is asserted on the strength of experiments and investigations made by Dr. F., and the testimony of other distinguished physicians.

THE LIVELY WEST!—There were arrested in Chicago, during the past two and a-half months *two thousand four hundred and eighty persons!*

LIGHTNING IN OHIO.—The Cleveland (Ohio) Plaindealer says: The lightning of last week was alarmingly destructive to human life. Some fifteen deaths have reached us in Ohio alone.

HOGS TO BLAME?—A lady of Yarmouth recently laid her washing out upon the grass. Upon taking it in she missed a pair of *ladies' hose*, for the disappearance of which she could not account. A yearling heifer belonging to the place, after several days' sickness, died; a post-mortem examination was made, and the articles found in her stomach, partially masticated, but dry and wadded together.

CRIMINAL STATISTICS OF NEW YORK.—The aggregate number of sentences for death in New York for the last seventy years, is 89: number sentenced between 1784 and 1810, thirty-one years, 20; number sentenced since 1816, forty-one years, 43; number pardoned or not hanged, (exclusive of Colt, who killed himself,) for same period, 48; number convicted of murder from 1784 to 1815, 19; number convicted of murder since 1815, 36.

A PROVIDENT REYNARD.—There was found, the other week, on the farm of Muirshield, parish of Largs, a nest of five young foxes, the larder of which had evidently been well stocked by the wily parent.—It contained at the time of discovery no less than eleven white hares and a gray one, nine lambs and six moor-fowl—making in all 27 head.—*Fifeshire (Scotland) Journal.*

A NEGRO APPOINTED TO OFFICE IN WISCONSIN.—On the 9th day of June, 1857, a commission, as notary public, was issued by Governor Bashford to H. Nolan, a person of negro extraction, who has resided in this city many years. The commission is issued with all the proper formalities, and the bond required by law is signed by Wm. H. Nolan, and by Wm. B Jarvis as bondsmen. But the Secretary of State, Colonel Jones, refuses to file the bond, and on it we find the following endorsement: "This appointment is in violation of the constitution, and therefore void."—*Madison (Wis.) Democrat, July 16.*

A MIRACLE IN NEW YORK.—The Brooklyn Board of Aldermen have, by a vote of 31 to 1 expelled one of their number, Mr. Preston, for having as a member of the Board of Health, received a bribe of two hundred and fifty dollars, given to influence him in his official duties.

THE NEW MAGAZINE, to be issued at Boston in October, by Messrs Phillips, Sampson & Co., is, says the Boston Journal, "to be altogether original, and to aim at the highest literary and political character. The best of our American writers have been secured for its pages, and an agent of the publishers is now in England to secure aid in that quarter. Such men as Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Hawthorne, Huntington, Felton and Agassiz, are to be its master-spirits. It will, like the first-class British Reviews, discuss affairs of State—the higher grade of politics—and seek to give food for strong men, not milk for babes, on all the greater themes of practical life, as well as to separate the false from the true, the low from the high in our struggles after an American literature."

A MAN-EATING SHARK, weighing 900 lbs., was caught off Nahant, Massachusetts, on the 14th instant, by a party of amateur fishermen.

NEARSIGHTEDNESS.—It is stated in the Paris Medical Gazette, "that of the 3,295,220 young men examined in France for military service, during nineteen years, 13,007 were exempted for nearsightedness.

DEATH OF THE "MAID OF SARAGOSSA."—The Madrid journals of the 28th ultimo, announce the death at Cuesta, of Augustina Zaragoza, who, when very young, distinguished herself greatly in the memorable siege of Saragossa, by assisting the artillerymen in the very thickest of the fight, in firing on the French. For her services on this occasion she was made a sub-lieutenant of infantry in the Spanish army, and received several decorations. She was buried at Cuesta with all the honors due to her memory.

WE FIND in a Lynchburg (Va.) paper, an amusing account of a Fourth of July celebration, by the "Hyena Club," at Hog Island, near that city. Among the toasts drunk on the occasion is the following, purporting to have been given by a "Hyena," who rejoices in the euphonic title of "Mr. Boggins Wallicks:"

"HOOPS AND THE EQUATOR—Crino-*line* and the Equinoctial line—God bless 'em! The one encircles the earth, the other the heavens!"

CARRYING A VERDICT BY STRATAGEM.—The following plan is stated to have been pursued by some officials at the late Worcester sessions, to hasten the decision of a refractory jury who were locked up to consider their verdict:—It was past supper-time, and the court officials had no relish to pass the night in waiting upon the twelve good men who were so excessively conscientious. A large dish of beefsteaks fried with onions, giving off a body of aroma sufficient to fill the largest hall in England, was brought into the passage close to the door of the unhappy jurymen's prison. The bailiff, who wished the "standouts" at Jericho, opened the door; the cover was taken off the dish; the aroma of the steaks and onions floated in; it invaded and pervaded every square inch of the Black Hole; and the jury's nasals were violently affected. More mortal Englishmen couldn't long stand out against such a remembrance of supper. A second opening of the door and advancement of the dish enabled the jury to find a verdict.—*English Paper.*

THOMAS CARLYLE.—A gentleman from this city, now in Europe, lately paid a visit to this distinguished writer. He found him living at Chelsea on the Thames, in the simplest manner, in a small house, in quite a retired situation. He talks much of American affairs, still holding to his old opinion that Franklin is our greatest man. He said he had some years ago read a book which gave a much better account of the higher sort of character in New England, than anything he had seen since Franklin's writings. That book, he said, gave him an insight into the real, inner life of the highest natures, and was a most valuable work. It was the Memoir of the Buckminsters, by Mrs. Lee.—*Boston Transcript.*

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.—An Englishman, speaking in favor of his own country, said to Doctor Thompson, "You have no coal, and it is this that gives England its manufacturing importance." The doctor replied, "We are not altogether destitute of coal; we have one small bed called the coal field of Illinois, which is larger than the whole of England. If you will till we scoop some of it out, and then bring your island over, we will drop it in *and cover you up*." "Ah! but you have no nobility," said John Bull. The doctor replied, "We are a nation of kings," then, with all the pompousness he could assume, he made a bow, and said, "you are now in company of one of the royal family of the United States of America."

VISCOUNT CARLINGFORD'S ÆRIAL MACHINE.—Viscount Carlingford, of Swift's-heath, Kilkenny, has patented an aerial machine with which he anticipates obtaining great results. We learn from Lord Carlingford that the improved machine is likely to be experimented with shortly at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. The following is an extract from the specification which is about to be filed, and which was written by the patentee himself:—"The aerial chariot in form is something of the shape of a boat, extremely light, with one wheel in front and two behind, having two wings slightly concave fixed to its sides, and sustained by laths of a half hollow form pressing against them, and communicating their pressure through the body of the chariot from one wing to the other, and supported by cords whose force, acting on two hoops nearly of an oval shape, holds the wings firmly in their position, using a force that cannot be less than ten tons, on the principle of corded musical instruments. The aerial chariot is provided with a tail that can be raised or lowered at pleasure, and which serves for giving an elevating or declining position, and worked by a cord that communicates into the interior of the chariot which is drawn forward by an aerial screw of the perfect form of the screw propeller discovered by the same inventor, and presented by him to Government the 16th of June, 1854, and which screws into the air at an elevation of 45 deg., similar to the bird's wing, and is turned by means of a winch acting on three multiplying wheels."—*Mechanic's Magazine.*

MACADAMIZED BOWELS.—There is a man in Rochester who will swallow stones at the rate of two cents a piece as long as the spectators furnish the money. This singular being is a German of diminutive size, lean, but apparently healthy. He is fifty four years old, and has been in the habit of swallowing stones since he was eighteen years of age, and earned his living in that way—often swallowing fifty a day. He says he experiences no uneasiness or painful sensation while the stones were in his stomach intestines, and that they readily pass away with fecal matter.

BRIGHT FELLOWS.—In the distillery of John Glanders, near Alexandria, Ohio, two individuals having a lighted candle were getting whiskey, when the steam from a gutter of hot liquor coming in contact with the light, communicated fire to the flowing contents. The sapient fellows undertook to put it out by pouring a barrel of cold whiskey on the fire in great heats, which of course flamed up gloriously, and made them run for their lives, the whole establishment being instantly in a light blaze. Had it not been for their extraordinary exertions, the building would have been saved.

GREAT NEWS FOR
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.
Certificate of RALPH LUTE, Esq., Editor "Spirit of the Times," Ironton, Ohio.

IRONTON, Oct. 30, 1854.

Dr. C. M. Jackson. Dear Sir—The Bitters are in great demand here. In addition to the quantities sold by *Neeley & Barber*, your Agents, the two other stores sell more of them than any other medicine. I find they are much used by convalescent fever patients to rebuild their broken constitutions. I have used during the last summer, in my own family, four bottles. They were recommended to me first by a neighbor, at a time when my system was much debilitated from the effects of a severe Bilious Fever. They gave me an appetite and restored a tone and vigor to my whole system. In one of the September numbers of my paper I related my experience of the good effects of the Bitters, since which time they have had a large sale, and have now become the *standard medicine* in this vicinity.

In conclusion, I would say that I feel great pleasure in giving you this testimony of the value and success of your preparation.

Respectfully, yours, RALPH LUTE.

For sale everywhere by Druggists, storekeepers and dealers in Patent Medicines. Price 75 cents per bottle.

SPIRITUALISM—
In that circle celestiatic,
As we sat in ethereo mystic,
Round a table made of pine,
Our purpose to effect,
In that fairy ring exquisite
there came a rap and then a message, which plainly said: "Buy your garments at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 Chestnut Street, above Sixth, Philada."

CONSUMPTION, the great scourge by which so many are doomed to a premature grave, could in many cases be effectually cured by simple remedies, if taken in season. Wistar's Cherry Balsam has cured hundreds within a few years.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. oct1 tf

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. John M. Dagnall, No. 30 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. tf

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER, No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct		
" " '62	109	—
" " '67	116½	—
" " '68	116½	—
" " 5 " '65	103	—
" " new	—	—
" " 5 "	—	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	96	95
Phila 6 pr ct	69	72
" " coupon	74¾	75
All'gy city 6 pr ct	62½	63
" " county "	65	65½
Alle co RR 6's	56	79
Penn "		
" " 5 "	83½	84½
" " coupon	87	90
Tenn 6 pr ct	80	82½
" " 5 " coupon	76¾	77
Kentucky 6 pr ct	101	103½
Penn RR 6 pr ct	98½	99
2d m'rt coup '65	85	86
C & Am RR 6 pr ct	70	75
P G & N RR "	90	92½
Reading RR "	78	80
" " m'rt "	84½	86
H & Lan RR "	87	88
Cha Val RR "	39	40
Tioga RR "	73	75
Phil Wil & Bal '60 RR 6 pr ct	95	95½
Long I RR "	66½	67
Sch Nav '72 "	64½	65½
Lehigh Nav "	92	92½
Mort "	91	93½
C & D C) "	68½	69
Sus & Tid '72 "	55	57½
Union Canal	59	60
Will'ms & Elmira 1st m'rt 7 pr ct	74½	75
2d " 7 pr ct	64½	65
Catawissa "	47½	50
North Penna 6 pr ct	87½	88
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	101	103
Penna	45½	47
Sea Meadow	54½	54½
North Penna	11½	11¾
Phil Ger & Nor	60	—
Reading	37½	37¾
Minehill	63	64
Har & Lan	54	—
Chester Val	41	6
Tioga	10	—
" preferred	25	—
P W & Balt	29	29½
Long Island	11½	12½
Wilmport & Elmira	15	20
Catawissa	11½	13½
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	15	15
" preferred	29½	30½
Lehigh Nav	50½	60
Morris consolidated	93	93½
" preferred	94	94½
C & Del	60	94
Union	10	100
Sus & Tidewater	7	9
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	149½	150
Penna	113½	115
Phila	122½	125
Far & Mec	53½	54
Commercial	52	59
N Liberty	38	40
Mechanics	36	39½
Southwark	40	42
P Township	39½	42
Kensington	38	40
Girard	11½	11½
Western	67	67½
Manf Mech	29	30
Commerce	66	66
Tradesman's	65	—
City	80½	81
Consolidation	27½	28
Pittsburg	97	—
M & M Pitts	66	—
Ex'ge Pitts	67	—
Kentucky	100	110
Northern, Ky	113½	120
Louisville, Ky.	113	116½
Farmers, Ky.	108	110
Union, Nash Tenn	101	103
Plant's, Tenn.	101	103
Com & R Vicx	7½	8
N O Gas Lt	122	123

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 29 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, July 25, 1857.

Pennsylvania.	
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis	
Relief notes ¼ dis	
Lancaster bk 50 dis	
Erie City bk 35 dis	
Bk of Newcastle 35 dis	
New Jersey.	
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis	
Morris bk Bridgeton 30 dis	
Wheat Grower's bk Newton 50 dis	
Commercial Bk, Perth Amboy, failed	
Delaware.	
Solvent bks par	
Under 5's ¼ dis	
Maryland.	
Valley bk Hagerstwn no sale	
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis	
Far & Mec bk Kent co ½ dis	
District of Columbia.	
Exchange bk 30 dis	
Solv bks ¼ dis	
New York.	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	
8th Avenue bk ¼ dis	
Knickerbocker bk 15 dis	
Far bk Onondaga 25 dis	
Mer & Mec bk Osw go 30 dis	
Ex bk Buffalo 30 dis	
Empire City bk ½ dis	
Central bk ½ dis	
Champlain bk no sale	
Maine.	
Solv bks ¼ dis	
Bk of Hallowell 20 dis	
Ellsworth bk 60 dis	
Maritime bk Bangor 15 dis	
Canton bk South Aurora no sale	
Exchange bk no sale	
Hancock bk 25 dis	
New Hampshire.	
Solv bks ¼ dis	
Lancaster bk almost failed	
Exeter bk failed	
Vermont.	
Solv bks ¼ dis	
South Royalton bk no sale	
Connecticut.	
Solv bks ¼ dis	
Massachusetts.	
Solv bks ¼ dis	
Rhode Island.	
Solv bks ¼ dis	
Bk Republ Providence 70 dis	
Canada.	
Solv bks 1½ dis	
Zimmerman no sale	
Virginia.	
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis	
Bk of Kanawha 10 dis	
Corp'n Alexandria 2 dis	
North Carolina.	
Solv bks ½ to 1½ dis	
Small notes 2 dis	
Georgia.	
Old bks ½ dis	
New bks ½ to 5 dis	
Bk Columbus no sale	
Bk of Milledgville no sale	
Man & Mech bk Columbus no sale	
Planters' and Mech's bk Dalton no sale	
South Carolina.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
Alabama.	
Bk of Mobile 1½ dis	
Other solv bks ½ dis	
Mississippi.	
All bks uncertain	
Louisiana.	
Solv bks 1½ dis	
Ohio.	
Solv bks 1 dis	
Bk of Circleville 55 dis	
Canal bk ½ dis	
Kentucky.	
Solv bks 1 dis	
Indiana.	
New solvent bks ½ dis	
State bk ½ dis	
Shawnee bk, Attica, no sale	
Grameroy bk, Lafayette "	
Other bks 5 to 20 dis	
Illinois.	
Peoples bk, Carmi, 20 dis	
Rushville bk, Rushville, 20 dis	
Solvent bks 21 dis	
Stock Security bk 30 dis	
Missouri.	
Solv bks 1 dis	
Tennessee.	
Bk of East Tenn no sale	
River Bank no sale	
Solv bks 2 dis	
Small notes 21 dis	
Central bk no sale	
New bks 3 to 5 dis	
Michigan.	
Solv bks 1 dis	
Arkansas.	
All bks no sale	
Wisconsin.	
Solv bks 2 dis	
Texas.	
Commercial & Agricultural bk Galveston 5 dis	

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.
Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double column Advertisements—One Dollar a line for every insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. Newton Heston, Mr. WILLIAM A. BARTLEY, to Miss MARY W. HUFF, daughter of John Huff, Esq. all of Philadelphia.
On the 18th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. GEORGE L. HILES, to Miss MARY A. WARRIS, both of the city.
On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. CHARLES H. GEBLER, to Miss HELENA C. SHERWIN, all of Wilmington, Del.
On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. William Barns, Mr. JAMES R. HENRY, to Miss ELIZA J. CALEY, all of Columbia, Pa.
At Camden, N. J. on the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. John W. Hutchinson, Mr. CHARLES B. SMALL, of Vincentown, N. J. to Miss MARGARET A. BILDERBACK, of Camden county, N. J.
On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. JAMES PHILLIPS, to Miss ELIZA J. REBSEN, both of this city.
On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. James Neill, Mr. WILLIAM J. BRENTON, Esq. to Mrs. ELLEN BREWSTER, widow of Francis E. Brewster, Esq. both of this city.
On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. Robert Armstrong, Mr. WILLIAM WALLACE, to Miss SARAH J. CANNING, both of this city.
On the 9th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. CHARLES HOFFMAN, to Miss ELEANOR M. WILSON, both of this city.
On the 9th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Bomberger, Mr. EDWARD L. CONTON, to Miss CAROLINE N. WILLIAMS, both of this city.
On the 6th of May, by the Rev. Mr. McDowell, Mr. FRANCIS J. CAVE, to Miss MAGGIE HALL, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by responsible name.

On the 19th ultimo, Mrs. MARY ANN, wife of Jas. McMinn, aged 37 years.
On the 19th ultimo, HANNAH CALHOUN, aged 84 years.
On the 19th ultimo, Mrs. ABIGAL BAKER, aged 72 years.
In Camden, on the 20th ult mo, Miss ROSANNA, daughter of Thos. and Deborah Madara, aged 22 years.
On the 20th ultimo, MARGARET, wife of John Nugent, aged 22 years.
On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. SARAH A. COOK, aged 52 years.
On the 21st ultimo, Miss ELIZABETH McCALL, aged 54.
On the 21st ultimo, ELIZABETH WILKINS, aged 76.
On the 24th ultimo, WILLIAM COOKE, Sr. aged 82 years.
On the 29th ultimo, HENRY ORR, aged 84 years.
On the 29th ultimo, SAMUEL D. HUNTLEY, aged 38.
On the 21st ultimo, JOHN J. N. DOUGLASS.
On the 21st ultimo, JANE V. wife of James Verree, aged 22 years.
On the 21st ultimo, CHERIE ROBIE, Sr. aged 71 years.
On the 28th ultimo, MARGARET SILVER.
On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. SARAH BURNS, aged 47 years.
At Manayunk, on the 21st ultimo, Mrs. MARY GILLESPIE, aged 46 years.
On the 18th ultimo, Mrs. MARY RAMSEY, aged 64.
On the 18th ultimo, ELLEN A. wife of Wm. Anthony, aged 32 years.
On the 19th ultimo, CATHARINE LOGAN, aged 75 years.
On the 14th ultimo, HANNAH CARDELL, aged 45 years.
On the 16th ultimo, NANCY KELLY, aged 82 years.
On the 17th ultimo, Mr. JOHN R. CHATHAM, aged 28.
On the 17th ultimo, Mrs. ISABELLA MOSS, aged 37.
On the 18th ultimo, Capt. WILLIAM E. SHERMAN, aged 33 years.
On the 17th ultimo, HANNAH C. TALBOT, aged 31 years.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED, in every county of the United States. Liberal inducements will be offered to active, intelligent men.
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$1.00.—GRECIAN OIL PAINTING is plainting on prepared paper instead of canvas—converting a plain lithograph or an engraving into a fine oil painting; and any one of common sense can learn it in from eighteen to twenty-four hours. Full instructions in this and also in Gilt Lettering on glass (as Signs or Windows, &c.) forwarded immediately on receipt of one dollar (in gold). E. L. WEST, Philadelphia.

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S. W. JACOBS,
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$1,000 A YEAR. PROFITABLE AND HONORABLE Employment for all times. Persons in town or country, in search of employment as a source of income, or fill up their leisure hours, may hear of such by enclosing two stamps, to pay postage, to Professor JAMES T. HORNE, Box No. 4,551, New York Post Office. The employment is fitted to either sex; station in life immaterial. It is an article of daily consumption, and can be manufactured in the agent's dwelling; secured by copyright; sale as permanent as flour. An agent is wanted in every town in the Union. jy25-4t

☞ LOOK AT THIS!! ☜
QUAKER CITY AGENTS No. 23 South THIRD STREET. PUBLIS

Wit and Humor.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

It was about twenty years ago, when I was studying law, and my brother was a medical student, that both of us fancied we had a wonderful talent for music. So John bought a flute and I a violin, and, turning one of the attics into a study, we practised there half the night through. We didn't want anybody to know about it, especially my father, who had very strict notions as to the value of time, and had no taste for music. So, to make him think we were hard at work, I had quantities of law books heaped up, and John had a skull and lots of bones scattered about, to the horror of Betsy, the housekeeper, who slept in the attic. She was once our nurse, and was the only one who could hear us practising, and we had no fears of her telling. One morning, a week or two after we had begun our musical night-work, we were late at breakfast, and, looking somewhat unrefreshed, father said:

"You mustn't study too hard, boys."

"No, sir, not at all," we both answered, smilingly.

Just then Betsy appeared at the door, and looked mysteriously at mother.

"Yes, what is it?" asked mother, surprised at the flurry Betsy seemed to be in.

"I want to say, ma'am, that I'll have to leave you, ma'am."

"Leave me! Why, what do you mean, Betsy?"

"Yes, ma'am; it's going on twenty-five years that I've lived with you; and it's the boys at last, ma'am. It's not Christian-like, ma'am; I can't stand it no ways, ma'am."

"Why, Betsy, what have the boys been doing? Do tell us at once."

"It's Master John, ma'am, and sometimes I think Mister Tom helps him. He's got some poor creeter upstairs, ma'am, and he torments him awful, ma'am; all night sometimes, ma'am, when you are all asleep. The poor creetur groans and screams, and a'most *shrieks* right out; and what it suffers I don't know, but it's dreadful. They say doctors must do such things when they're a larning, but I can't stay where such things are going on. I never thought Mister John was the one to do so, but he does, and if it's all the same to you, I'll go, ma'am."

Mother saw that there was some mystery about it, and, telling Betsy that she would talk to her again, sent her from the room, when my brother and I were called on to explain. We never heard the last about that "poor creetur upstairs," but that was the end of my violin practice, and I have never touched a musical instrument since.

THE PROFESSOR'S SPOON.

A learned and very taciturn Professor of one of our colleges, with a company of younger men, mostly students, was just entering the Adirondack wilderness, and at the last settlement they "cabbaged" a small bag of green peas. They were cooked for dinner the next day, making a very excellent soup—but while they were stewing, the boys, to their dismay, ascertained that the spoons had been left behind—there was literally nothing with which to eat the hot pea-soup! But determined both to have the peas and "do" the Professor out of his share, the youngsters very slyly whittled out some rude wooden spoons, which they thought might answer the purpose—they would certainly do better than jack-knives. The soup was done, the kettle taken off, and all gathered round. "Where are the spoons?" said the Professor. After pretending to search, the boys reported, "Not a spoon!" "Bad, Professor, isn't it?" said one. "What's to be done?" said another. The Professor shook his head, and looked chap-fallen. The boys could stand it no longer—out came the spoons with a flourish, and the boys went in to try for the peas, coolly inviting the Professor to "dip in!" "Well, seeing things are as they are," said that functionary "I rather think I will;" and he quietly drew out of his pocket a large, clean clam shell, fastened on a split stick, and remarking drily, "Now, boys, fair play, and one at a time," he proceeded with astonishing rapidity to scoop out and swallow all those peas! You ought to have seen those very cute young men about that time—they never tried again during that trip to get ahead of the Professor.—*Boston Bee.*

THE DANGER OF LEARNING ENGLISH.—In a retired spot in the mountins of Connymarra, a farmer lived who had a family of three sons, who could spake nothin but the Irish language. Well, the three thought they'd larn a little English, so they made a plan to go out, one to-day, and t'other to-morrow, and the third the next day, and pick up what they could; accordingly the owldesht went out and heard two young sprigs of nobility talking about some exhplite of theirs, and the only word he picked up was—"We three;" well, he returned home, connin over the word all the way, and whin he got into the house he sed to his brothers—"We three." *Ke Dair shin*, (what is that) said the brothers; ov coorse he couldn't tell 'em what it was, and therefore didn't say or speak any more that day but—"We three." The next mornin the other started out, and he returned home with the word—"Purse of money," and like the other wun he didn't know what it mint. The day after that the yunghest wint out and he kum back with—"The sooner the better." Well, nixt mornin whin they was going to work in the field, they saw a dark object lying on the road, and they wint down to see what it was, and bedad what was it but a ded man, who was murdhered and left there by some blaggards. Well, they were tawkin and conshiderin how, and by whom he was murdhered whin a gintlemon cum ridin up the rode, and he sthopt to ask 'em what it was. Ses he—

"Who murdhered tho man?"

"We three," sed the biggest, showin off his English.

"What did you do it for?" ses he agin.

"Purse of money," ses the other.

"Don't you know you'll be hanged for doin' that same?" ses he agin.

"The sooner the better," ses the youngest.

The gintleman rode away disgusted with their coolness. So, bedad, they were arrisht-ed, tride and convicted ov murdher in the first degree, and exthirpayted their crime on the gal is, and all for learnin English.—*John Bunim.*

LUDICROUS SCENE.

The following ludicrous scene is copied from an article in the April number of Blackwood, entitled a "Remonstrance with Dickens."

One of the most shameful recollections of our almost irreproachable life lies at the door of that wag, Dickens. We were attending service in a cathedral in a city where we were a stranger, and had been shown into a pew already occupied by two old ladies. For a time we behaved with our wonted decorum, till some absurdity committed by the elder Weller, of which we had been reading the night before, rose up to haunt us. Had we been in the open air a good laugh would have relieved us, but cabined, cribbed, confined as it was, the risibility expanded till our form swelled visibly, our face grew purple, and we saw a medical man in the next pew feel in his waistcoat pocket as he anxiously watched the veins in our forehead. The choral symphonies of the anthem invested Mr. Weller's image with fifty-fold absurdity, blending him, as they did, in his top-boots, and shawl with angels ever bright and fair. Despairing of our ability to prevent an explosion, and feeling the danger becoming each moment imminent, for India rubber itself must have given way under the accumulating pressure, we suddenly dived with our head under the shelf on which the prayer-book rested, and laughed silently, while our tears dropped like rain upon the foot-stool.

We were beginning to grow calm when, looking round, we saw the two old ladies regarding us with pious horror through their spectacles, and sliding off to their own end of the pew. This set us off again, and down went our head in a vain, ostrich-like attempt at concealment, for our shoulders and back, convulsively agitated from nape to wristband, told of the internal struggle, to say nothing of sounds that occasionally broke forth, noways resembling the responses. Conscious that prebendary and precoptor were regarding us from their eminence, we again raised our head with desperate gravity, and shall never forget the agony of shame with which we beheld an aged verger sternly approaching, while two church-wardens were quitting their pews with the faces of men determined to discharge a painful duty. Nevertheless, at the instigation of old Weller, off we went again in a fit now quite audible, and were eventually marched down the centre aisle between rows of faces fixed in devout horror, with our handkerchief crammed nearly down our throat, and our watery eyes starting out of our head like a land crab's, and so, turning a corner, out under the old Saxon archway into the churchyard, where we exasperated the verger and churchwardens to frenzy, by sitting down on a tombstone and giving full vent to our mirth. Next day, all repentant, we waited upon the dean, who, being himself a Pickwickian, gave us absolution in the most kindly way, and we caused a copy of "Pickwick" to be bound in morocco and gold, with the inscription, "from a penitent Sabbath-breaker," which is to this day conspicuous on a shelf of the episcopal library.

A NEW BEDFORD JOKE.

A beautiful young lady, from another part of Massachusetts, was making a visit at a friend's, in the pretty town of New Bedford, famous then as now for whalers, rich merchants, spermaceti candles, and winter-strained oil. One day this fair visitor was delighting one of the young dealers in these articles, by allowing him to show her all over his well-stocked establishment, and by taking a very deep interest in all that she saw there. She was particularly pleased with the picturesque style in which the clear white polished candles were packed in their boxes.

In a tone of raillery, the young merchant said to his visitor:

"Take one of the boxes you admire so much home with you."

"Are you in earnest?" asked the fair belle.

"Of course," was the reply; "if you will take one of them home, with your own hands, you shall have it."

"That's a bargain," said she; "I'll call in half-an-hour for my candles."

The box she selected weighed some fifty pounds.

Punctually at the time appointed, and it was mid-day, when everybody was astir in the pleasant town of New Bedford, the young tradesman was told by his clerk that there was a lady at the door, waiting to take home the candles she had selected.

"She is in a carriage, of course?" said he.

"No, sir," was the reply, "she is walking, and alone."

He went down to the front door of his establishment, and there stood his fair customer, with one of those straw carriages that nurses take babies to ride in, and all ready to fulfil her bargain.

"Come," said she, "hurry up my candles."

The merchant saw he was caught in a trap of his own setting; so he put the best face upon the matter, and ordered the fifty pounds of No. 1 spermaceti to be delivered to the lady, who, having tucked up the box carefully with coverlet and blanket, as if it was a baby she was treating to an afternoon airing, drew it triumphantly through the streets to the house where she was staying, not one of the numerous acquaintances she met on the way having the remotest idea that her burden was anything but her hostess' baby.

"What a pretty thing it was," said one of them, "in Miss ——— to take Mrs. ———'s baby out to ride to-day!"

But the true story soon got out, and the laugh was decidedly against the gallant gentleman who dealt in spermaceti.—*New York Picayune.*

THEODORE HOOK'S WIT.—Hook was at a party, when a Mr. Winter was announced, a well known inspector of taxes. Hook immediately roared out—

"Here comes Mr. Winter, inspector of taxes,
I'd advise ye to give him whatever he axes,
I'd advise ye to give him, without any flummery,
For though his name's Winter, his actions are summary."

THE LAWYER'S DUTY.—"The first duty of a lawyer is to his God and his religion; secondly, to his country and the law; thirdly, to himself; and lastly, to his clients. Never mistake the law. Lie for no man, cheat for no man, deceive no man. Be true to the court, and to your client."—*Chief Justice Story.*

THE LATEST SUMMER FASHION.

CHARLES.—"Sweet style of trowsers, Gus!"

GUS.—"Ya-as! and so doosed comfortable! They're called Pantaloons a la Peg-Top!"

CHARLES.—"No!—Re-ally!"

Agricultural.

TIME TO GATHER AND HOW TO KEEP PEARS.

One of the most important points in the management of pears, is to gather them at the proper time. Summer pears should be gathered at least ten days before they are ripe; autumn pears at least a fortnight, and winter pears as nearly as possible about the time the trees stop growing. If left on until the commencement of the fall of the leaf, they are worthless. A pear ripened on the tree is generally not fit to be eaten. The usual way to determine when pears are fit to be taken in the house to ripen, is to lift them up on the tree; if upon raising them up, they part readily from the stalk, they then can be picked off. Never shake down pears; hand pick all, standing on steps for the purpose. They should be light, and so contrived that the ladder may be disengaged from the back at pleasure, fastening together by a bolt at the top; at the top should be a broad step to stand on, with room for the basket to hold the fruit. Have, in beginning to gather, hand baskets of different sizes, and also large baskets or hampers, and wheelbarrows. At the bottoms of the large baskets place some perfectly dry short fine grass or hay, from summer mowings, kept clean and dry for this purpose. You can also tell as a mark when the fruit is ripe, when it begins to fall (not wind fall, or from the caterpillar). If the fruit comes off without any force used, it is presumed to be ripe enough; but sickness, &c., of the trees may make it seem riper than in fact it is.

If the fruit be in the least bruised, it will not keep; therefore the person on the steps must pick it carefully and lay it in the basket, and empty the small baskets into the large. When the fruit begins to fall itself, cover the ground under the tree with soft grass. Those that drop should be used first, as they will not keep near as long as those picked by hand.

In the fruit room lay dry, soft grass on the floor, and the fruit gently from the baskets in heaps on the grass. To sweat the fruit, cover it two or three inches thick on the top with some of the grass; the heaps may be two or three feet high. Let them lie in heaps two weeks; then open and turn them over, wiping each pear with a dry cloth, to be frequently dried during the process. The heaps then remain eight or ten days more, covered as before, then wipe the fruit and barrel or place in baskets, as they will sell better in bushel baskets, and they are then ready to be sent to market. Always gather fruit in dry weather, and when the dew is off, and not in the evening after the dew has begun to fall. Air should sometimes be admitted in the fruit-room.

Much of the above is the English practice of gathering pears, and highly recommended by Mr. Forsyth, the practical English nurseryman. The most perfect way of keeping pears, is to pack in earthen jars, each pear separately wrapped in soft paper; put dried bran in the jar, then a layer of fruit, then a little more bran, and so on alternately; when full, gently shake the jar, fill up with bran and paper at top of all; cover with a bladder to perfectly exclude accession of air, then fit on the cover of the jar, and place in a dry room. Boxes made tight are also very good for packing away winter pears; place a layer of cotton-batten at the bottom of the box, then a layer of pears wrapped in soft wrapping paper, then another layer of pears, then cotton, &c., on to the top; finish off with cotton, double sheets, and nail tightly down the lid, and you can then have some fine pears for New-Year.

The French pack winter pears in small boxes, round or square. The bottoms of the boxes and the sides, they cover with dry moss or soft paper to absorb the moisture, and lay them in layers, the largest at the bottom, and fill the interstices with dry moss or paper. They are so tightly packed that not one presses upon another, and no movement can take place among them. The moss and paper which separate them, absorb all moisture, and if one decays it cannot affect the others. Pears may also be well preserved in new barrels, with the interstices filled with powdered charcoal; they must be kept in about 40° temperature.

Downing says—"Many sorts of pears that are comparatively tough, if ripened in a cool apartment, become very melting, buttery and juicy, when allowed to mature in a room kept at a temperature of 60 or 70°." He also writes—"So important is the ripening of pears in the house, that most amateurs of this fruit find it to their advantage to have a small room set apart and fitted up with shelves in tiers, to be used solely as a fruit room." Mr. Hovey states "he keeps his winter pears as he keeps his apples—in barrels in the cellar," and succeeds well. Pears can be placed also for preserving in tin boxes. Winter pears will generally sweat after the boxes have been filled a few days; they should be then taken out and wiped dry. When the weather becomes cold, the boxes should be removed to a dry cellar. I am convinced that pears will ripen better in a dark closet than in a light room. I submit the above numerous ways of keeping pears to your subscribers, and they can themselves decide this season which is the best, by giving all a fair trial. And the winter varieties will come very acceptable to the New-Year visitors at your homes, and form a splendid dish on the holiday festive board.—*Correspondent of the Country Gentleman.*

EFFECT OF TREATMENT IN HORSES AND CATTLE.

Many persons quote what is, or what they consider to be, the natural state of animals, and hold that out as a guide by which we should shape our treatment of them in a state of domestication. Nothing can be more fallacious than such reasoning and ideas. Whether animals are longer or shorter lived in their wild than in a domesticated state, I am not prepared to say. For, though we hear of many that survive our treatment of them but a short time, let it be borne in mind that such are usually foreign animals, and change of climate probably brings about the catastrophe much more than the treatment. Be this as it may, let us look at the change art, or rather breeding and treatment, has made in animals of domestic use. To begin with the horse; I believe it will not be found that the horses of the desert, or those of the prairie of America, exhibit either a body overloaded with flesh or a carcass of distended dimensions. In these particulars they may be styled, to a certain degree, in condition. Nor have those employed to catch them, found them deficient in speed, or, to a certain extent, in endurance. They have two circumstances in their favor to render them so—constant exercise, and from the shortness of the herbage their stomachs are never distended. Could we supply them with five or six feeds of corn per diem, we should not find a prairie horse far short of the condition of the hunter (I had almost said racehorse;) for if, as in summer, the sun has made the growing herbage into all but hay, it is not a very bad succedaneum for it; and provided a horse gets sufficient exercise it matters little whether he does so of his own accord from habit and circumstances, or whether he does it with an exercise-boy on his back. What the wild horse wants is stamina; and this we give the domesticated one by proper feeding. But, if what I have said is correct (and I believe it is,) we find the wild horse not differing greatly in point of carcass from one of our own when in condition.

But we will go further than this, and instance cloven footed animals. It is true, "unwieldly as an ox," "moving like an ox," and "big as an ox," are terms in common use as applicable to the unwieldy animal we daily see represented by the ox; but let us look at him in his natural form and wild state—we do not find the bison, musk ox, or buffalo with the enormous carcases and bodies we find in the domestic animal, after being kept in luxuriant pastures, where he is at liberty to fill his stomach daily to repletion. Many foreign oxen are, in their natural state, as light in their carcasses as our hunters—they are naturally an active animal, and possess no inconsiderable speed; by this I trust I prove that distended abdomens are not natural to animals. We perhaps render the ox more in accordance with our ideas of value by rendering him the unwieldly beast we see him; but we have totally destroyed many of those attributes given by nature for his comfort and safety. By our mode of habitual treatment we may possibly give the ox a tendency to carry flesh, and thus enhance his value in the eyes of the butcher; if so, our treatment is right so far as his being an article of food—but as an animal for the farmer's servitude we spoil him from the day he is weaned. It has been a disputed point whether the use of horses or oxen is, on the whole, most beneficial to the farmer. The great objection to the ox is his being slow. How, in the name of common sense, should he be otherwise? So soon as he has left his mother, indeed before, he is turned into long luxuriant pasture, where he distends his bowels *ad libitum* without having occasion to walk a mile in a day from any cause whatever—his companions, whether cows or oxen, moving at the same pace; and, if from necessity compelled to walk a quarter or half a mile home, he and his companions are driven by a boy quite willing to walk as slowly as they wish. Why, I would make a racing colt all but as slow as an ox, let him be brought up with him and in every particular the same way; while, on the contrary, give me any pair of oxen at six months old, let me feed them as I like and treat them as I like, I will be bound to produce the pair at three years old ready to trot their ten miles in an hour in harness willingly, and with perfect ease to themselves. Of course, the experiment would not be worth making; but it shows my perfect conviction that it is to the feeding and treatment of the young animal we owe their alertness or the reverse in after life. Look, we will say, at a young calf. So long as he gets no more than nature requires—that is, sustenance from the mother—so long as he keeps in shape, we see no exuberance of carcass in him; but from the moment he begins to feed, and is turned into a luxuriant pasture, from that moment he gets more or less out of shape. The racing colt would become just the same if turned into the same pasture. —HARRY HIEOVER, in *London Field.*

Useful Receipts.

THE BEST WAY TO FORM A BOTTOM TO A LITTLE POOL FOR DUCKS.—Take an equal quantity of gravel, sand, and clay; let these be spread over the proposed pond, and tempered with water, cutting the materials with a spade, and treading it well with the feet, in two courses or layers, each eight inches in thickness; after this is done, cover the whole surface with dry soil, four inches in thickness. The pool, after this process, will be perfectly retentive, and the water may be turned it as soon as it is completed. This, which is the best method of constructing an artificial pool, may be accomplished at very trifling expense.

TO STOP HORSES FROTHING AT THE MOUTH.—I have completely stopped frothing at the mouth by washing my horse's mouth out with the following mixture:—Six drachms of alum dissolven in a quart of sage tea, using it in a wine bottle, as you would refresh a race-horse, after a race, each time you go out.—*Cor. London Field.*

CUTTING PANTALOONS.—For boys from eight to sixteen years old, it is a good way to cut their pantaloons with only one seam in the leg. The cloth can be doubled over so there is no outside seam. It takes no more cloth, looks just as well, and saves time for a farmer's wife, who has a multiplicity of cares and chores at all times.—*Cor. Ohio Cultivator.*

ELDERBERRY WINE.—Take three quarts of black Elderberries, when quite ripe, to a gallon of water and four pounds of brown sugar, a little root ginger and a few cloves. Boil the berries and water half an hour—strain them, and then boil the wine and spice together about an hour. Skim the froth as it rises. When it is boiled, let it stand till almost cold; then add a teacupfull of yeast, and let it stand three days. Then barrel it, and let it stand four months, when it may be bottled, with a lump of sugar in each bottle. Cork tight, and keep in a cool place. Age improves it.

ELDERBERRY SYRUP.—Take of the juice of Elderberry one quart; boil it to one pint; strain and add two pounds of double refined sugar; again place it over the fire; so soon as it shall have boiled, remove it from the fire, and when cold, bottle it for use, taking care to have it well covered. With a less quantity of sugar there will be danger of its becoming mouldy. As a gentle purgative, this syrup is an excellent medicine, of very pleasant taste, and is peculiarly serviceable to children who are not easily induced to take common medicine. The dose for an adult is a wine-glassfull.—*New England Farmer.*

WASHING CLOTHES.—It would save a great deal of toothache, and ague, and chills, if every woman would rinse her clothes in water a little warm. When the teakettle is put on to boil water for starch, fill it full, and put some into the rinse water. White clothes look better if the boiling suds is blued, instead of the last rinse water.—*Cor. Ohio Cultivator.*

THE EVILS OF A CHINESE FASHION.—The most serious inconvenience to which women with small feet are exposed, is that they so frequently fall and injure themselves. During the past year several cases of this kind have presented themselves. Among them was one of an old woman, seventy years of age, who was coming down a pair of stairs and fell, breaking both her legs; she was in a very dangerous state for some time, on account of threatened mortification of one leg, but the unfavorable symptoms passed off, and finally the bones of both legs united, and she is able to walk again.

Another case was also that of an elderly woman, who was superintending the spring cutting of bamboo shoots in her field, when she fell over some bamboos, owing to her crippled feet slipping among the roots; a compound fracture of one leg was the consequence, and the upper fragment of the bone stuck in the ground; the soft parts of the leg were so much injured, that amputation was recommended, but her friends would not hear of it, and she soon afterwards died from mortification of the limb.—*Fortune's China and the Chinese.*

ONE OF THE BOYS.—One day, while learning my Virgil, I continued to carry on the business of pounding some rocket mixture; but, as ill luck would have it, the master discovered my twofold employment, and immediately took away the mixture from me in considerable wrath. I watched where he put it; it was on the window-sill of a room which was always kept locked; the window, though not glazed, had close iron bars through which nothing could pass; the case was hopeless; I could not recover my rocket mixture, but a happy thought struck me. I was resolved that no one else should enjoy the spoil which I regarded as so valuable. I had a burning-glass in my pocket, and I thought of Archimedes and the Roman fleet; the sun was shining, and I soon drew a focus on the gunpowder, which immediately blew up. It was well that the house was not set on fire; as for me, I was reckless of all consequences.—*Memoirs of Crosse, the Mathematician.*

The Riddler.

GEOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 40 letters.

My 1, 26, 7, 39, 13, 21, are flat elevations in the bed of the ocean, sometimes forming imperfect islands.
My 2, 4, 34, 3, 9, 30, is a term given to some sections of the earth in regard to climate.
My 3, 27, 38, 24, 21, are rocky elevations formed in the ocean, exceedingly dangerous to navigation.
My 5, 39, 31, 9, is a kind of limy clay frequently found in sandy soils.
My 6, 33, 30, 21, are the layers of rock mineral or clay formed in the earth.
My 12, 17, 37, 36, is a noted volcano.
My 24, 20, 28, 29, 35, 23, 6, 22, 21, is a certain class of volcanoes which emit only smoke.
My 15, 40, 12, 31, 21, 1, is a geological formation of the earth resembling mica, frequently found in wide, flat valleys, as in some parts of New England and Germany, where the soil is often thin.
My 18, 19, 25, 40, 6, 13, 29, 37, 30, 12, is a geological formation of the earth.
My 6, 30, 1, 39, 8, 10, is a kind of rock supposed by geologists, to be deposited by volcanic eruptions.
My 1, 39, 14, 40, 25, 16, 12, 13, 33, 37, 21, is a noted volcano of America.
My 18, 20, 28, 14, 32, 22, is a geological formation somewhat resembling silex.
My whole is a noted volcano. CINROS.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 12, 22, 30, is a cape of Massachusetts.
My 2, 13, 3, 9, is a mountain in Sicily.
My 14, 5, 18, 28, 31, is an island in the Atlantic Ocean.
My 16, 17, 22, 24, 5, 27, 9, is a town in Wisconsin.
My 8, 15, 19, 29, 8, 11, 29, 5, is a mountain in Europe.
My 20, 23, 60, 33, 26, 5, 19, 2, 15, is one of the United States.
My 6, 9, 10, 12, is a river in Siberia.
My 13, 15, 26, 32, 33, is a river in Missouri.
My 1, 24, 30, 32, 7, 9, is a town in Mississippi.
My 11, 21, 4, 31, 9, is a county in Michigan.
My 25, 20, 7, 13, 21, 22, is a county in Indiana.
My 1, 11, 16, 17, 19, is one of the peaks of the Rocky Mountains.
My whole is one of the United States. GAHMEW.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 54 letters.

My 35, 10, 51, 29, 2, was the goddess of love.
My 42, 33, 19, 7, 52, was the goddess of hunting.
My 35, 15, 43, 45, 6, was the goddess of fire.
My 49, 19, 15, was the god of shepherds.
My 20, 27, 50, 24, 12, 36, 7, is a county in Texas.
My 1, 38, 17, 22, 21, 53, 10, 8, was a King of Media.
My 49, 27, 46, is a Greek letter.
My 42, 3, 11, 33, 44, was a goddess of the sea.
My 28, 34, 35, 46, 34, 54, is a county of Arkansas.
My 33, 32, 52, 51, 16, was a goddess of peace.
My 40, 4, is a proposition.
My 31, 45, 41, 23, 4, 4, 10, is an animal found in Africa.
My 5, 14, 36, 22, is a city in Alabama.
My 9, 53, 17, 26, 16, 47, is a lake in Sweden.
My 13, 49, 28, 38, 15, is a county in Georgia.
My 12, 34, 18, 47, 48, is a county in Georgia.
My 23, 25, 43, 49, is an insect.
My 39, 37, 42, 30, is a city in Austria.
My 18, 48, 53, is a city in India.
My 1, 51, 30, 39, 34, 41, 49, is a city in Belgium.
My whole is a well known proverb. W. & J. Springfield.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Homeward the weary workman takes his way,
When Sol's bright face is seen within the West,
Worn out with toiling all that summer's day,
He seeks my first, his aching limbs to rest.

Now he doth near the little running brook,
Which he must cross, to reach his cottage door,
And as old Sol doth take his farewell look,
He, with my second, gains the other shore.

I'll tell you where his cottage may be found;
'Tis in my whole, a name of ancient date,
Where fields, and trees, and streamlets do abound,
A county in our dear old Keystone State.

GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first you do every day,
Useless, alas! you are blind.
My second is a carpenter's tool,
Although it is not a plane or rule.
My whole's a motion, you'll find.
Can you guess it? I hope you may.

Venango co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 6 letters.

Omit my 1, 2, 3, and I am what we should all do.
Omit my 2, 5, 6, and transpose, and I am a tie.
Omit my 4, 5, 6, and I am a celebrated poet.
Omit my 1, 3, 6, and transpose, and I am to decay.
Omit my 2, 5, 6, and I am a plaything.
Omit my 2, 3, 4, and I am used in building.
Omit my 1, 2, 4, and transpose, and I am a kind grain.

My whole is often seen in the columns of the Post
Warren, Vt. HARP.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

1. Dan, rise in ice
2. Cate Crabilp
3. Scare Mike Fibm.
4. Less neat naps
5. Bet safe corn.
6. Men, get a man
7. Real fun
8. Cities char carts.
9. Cor, I've lost Anne.
10. Dic'n ear's notion.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Last year the age of myself
Was in proportion to thine,
Exactly as *five* and *six-ninths*
Is in proportion to *nine*.
But this year my age is to thine
As *two* and *four-sevenths* to *four*.
Now, if you will our ages define,
Of course I can ask nothing more.

GAHMEW.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ Why are lawyers in good practice like lovers? Ans.—Because they are eternally *courting*.

☞ Why is tin conceded to be a valuable stance? Ans.—Because it makes the very best of be metal.

☞ What is it that still continues to expand you are contracting it? Ans.—Your grocer's bill.

☞ Why is a newspaper like a stage-coach? An —Because its best articles are put inside, and it can get along without its *leaders*.

☞ What is the greatest argument ever broug against capital punishment? Ans.—That the of nature" should never be paid, if it cannot be co lected without an *execution*. CLINT

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Samuel Taylor Co ridge. ZOOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—Whatever worth doing at all, is worth doing well. RIDDLE Poverty. CHARADE.—Cornwallis REBUS.—Cowper, Newton—(Canton—low—Port—Echo—Robin.) REBUS.—T —Alto—Yell—Lay—Omega—Rat.) TRI RICAL PROBLEM—42, 36 and 70 perch